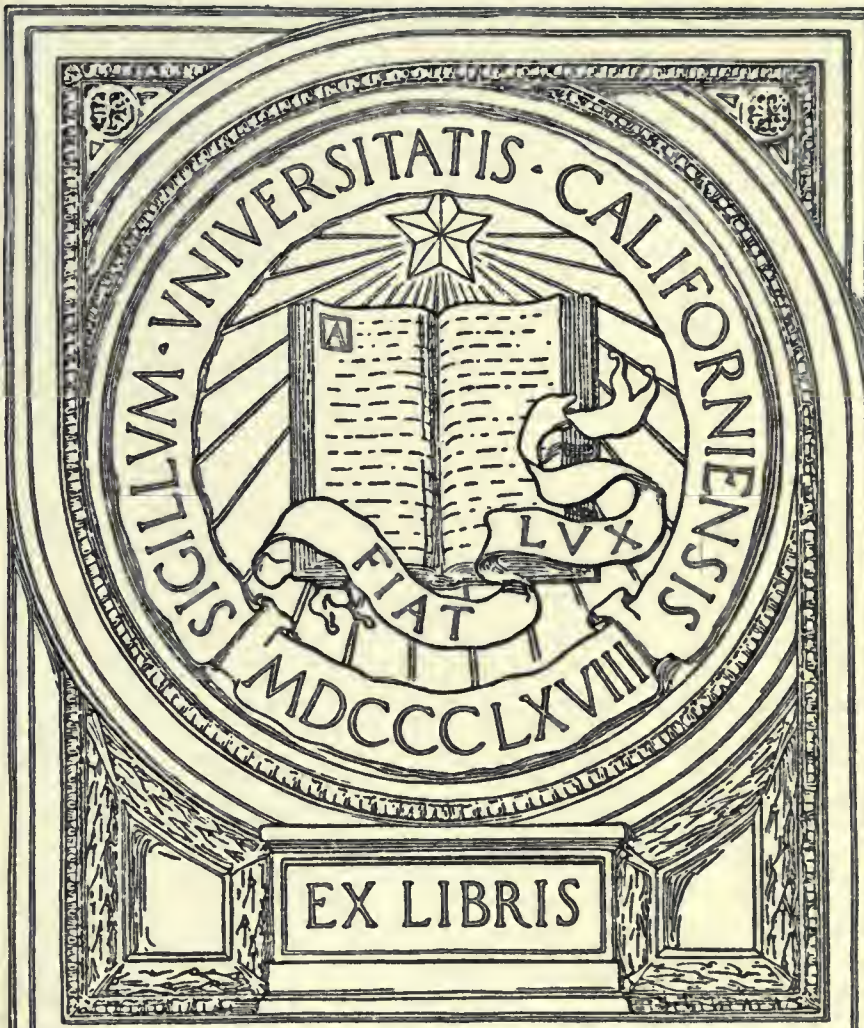
The Ways of Yale

GIFT OF

Prof. C. A. Kofoid



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/waysofyaleincoun00beerrich

THE WAYS OF YALE

IN THE

CONSULSHIP OF PLANCUS

By HENRY A. BEERS.

In Buckram Series, 18mo, with frontispieces, 75 cents each.

THE WAYS OF YALE. *(7th Ed.)*

In the Consulship of Plancus. Humorous Sketches.

"Yale is to be congratulated upon having such a writer on her campus. So many rankly unjust and superficial books have been written on Yale ways, that such a book as the present one is a refreshing innovation."—*Yale Literary News*

"There is only one fault to find, and that is there is not enough of it."—*New York Times*

"A felicitous capture of the elusive undergraduate spirit . . . mingled with the uproarious humor which jostles the sentimental so closely in college life."—*Springfield Republican.*

"This royally entertaining booklet."—*Independent.*

A SUBURBAN PASTORAL.

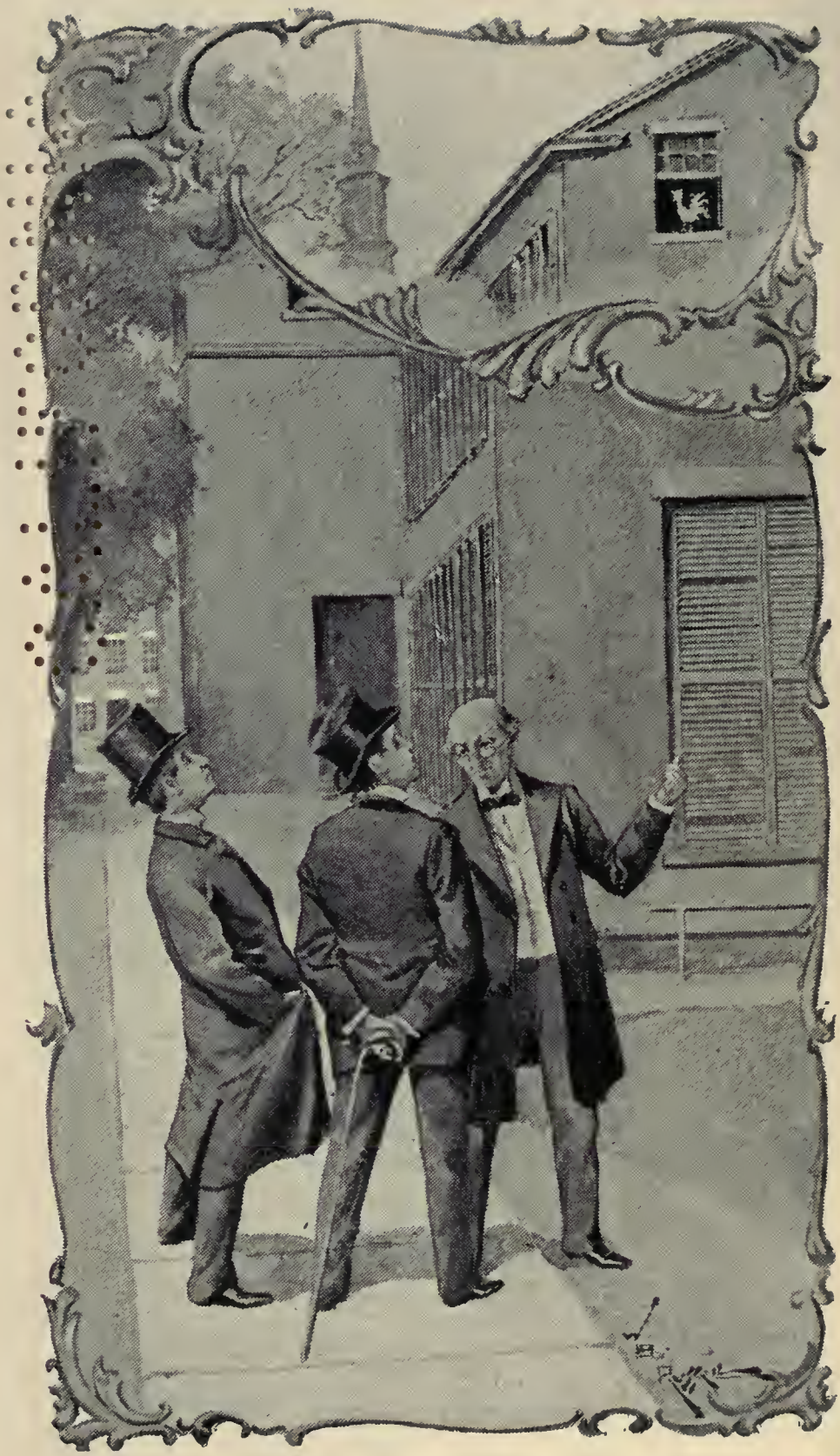
(5th Edition.) And Five Other Tales of American Life, and Two Old English Legends.

"No collection of short stories by an American writer, lately published, has made a more entertaining book."—*N. Y. Times.*

"['A Suburban Pastoral'] so devoid of pretension or effort, so freshly and frankly written, so quiet in its humor, and with its suggestion of pathos so latent in the emotions it awakens . . . hereafter we shall remember him among the sweetest, tenderest, and gravest of our story-tellers."—*Mail and Express.*

"'A Midwinter Night's Dream' is a beautiful example of writing which is permeated with delicate fancy. . . 'Split Zephyrs' discusses many of those problems which you will hear debated almost every night in June under the elms and in old college haunts."—*Life.*

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York.



"It crowed repeatedly and attracted the attention of the authorities."—P. 144.

THE WAYS OF YALE

IN THE

CONSULSHIP OF PLANCUS

BY

HENRY A. BEERS

AUTHOR OF "A SUBURBAN PASTORAL," ETC.

NEW YORK

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1895

B4

In fallow college days, Tom Harland,
We both have known the ways of Yale,
And talked of many a nigh and far land,
O'er many a famous tap of ale.
There still they sing their "Gaudeamus,"
And see the road to glory clear;
But taps that in our day were famous
Have given place to Lager Bier.

The Ballad of Lager Bier.—STEDMAN.

COPYRIGHT, 1895,
BY
HENRY HOLT & CO.

Gift of Prof. C. A. Kofoid

THE MERSHON COMPANY PRESS,
RAHWAY, N. J.

CONTENTS.

In the Days of the Fence.

	PAGE
CONSULE PLANCO, . . .	viii
SOME CHANGES IN COLLEGE LIFE IN THE LAST QUARTER CENTURY, ...	1
JUBILEE ODE—PROLOG IM HIMMEL, ...	18
THE THIMBLES, ...	22
CHUMS, ...	36
EATING-CLUBS, ...	100
LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNDERGRADUATE, . . .	133

Recreations of the Red Letter Club.

AD IULUM ANTONIUM, . .	168
ANALYTICAL ALGEBRA, . .	169
"OUR OWN PERCIVAL," . .	184
BIFTEK AUX CHAMPIGNONS, .	203
WHAT'S IN A NAME? . . .	208
THE SPRINGALD AND THE CAUDA GALLI, ...	209
AMOURS PASSAGERS, . . .	213
IMPRESSIONS OF A SUB-FRESHMAN,	215

M111458

IN THE DAYS OF THE FENCE

CONSULE PLANCO.

In Plancus' days, when life was slow,
We dwelt within the Old Brick Row
Before Durfee or Welch was built,
Or gilded youths in Vanderbilt
Looked down upon the mob below.
Then Freshmen did not use to go
'Most every evening to the show;
Quite inexpensive was *our* gilt
In Plancus' days.
We had no football then, you know:
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
No gore was shed, no ink was spilt,
No poet got upon his stilt
To write these frenchified rondeaux,
In Plancus' days.

THE WAYS OF YALE

SOME CHANGES IN COLLEGE LIFE IN THE LAST QUARTER CENTURY.

THERE are stories of men who have left college, halfway through their course, and come back many years after to pick up the broken threads, drawn by haunting memories of the charm of student life. But, rushing once more to prayers at the sound of the same old bell, or seated again in class-room on the familiar benches,

though with a new set of faces around them, they have experienced a strange disappointment: have found that identical conditions do not bring back the identical feelings, and that, in spite of all, they

> "... never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture."

Not so very different from this is the experience of the tutor who returns to the academic life after two or three years' absence. Perhaps he takes a room in the same entry where he lived in his Senior year; and as he sits by his window of a summer evening, and hears the well-known strains of "The Old Mountain Tree," or "The Son of a Gambolier" rising

from the fence, the impulse seizes him to wander out to the corner and take his seat on the top rail. Will he not find all the old crowd there as usual? It was only the other evening that they were there. Or when the college row is lighted up at night, how natural to pause under Bob's window in the third-story front of South Middle and call up, as of yore, "Oh, Bob!" forgetting that Bob is no longer within hail, and that he himself is "out of it."

A comparison of student life in the sixties and in the nineties, by one who had lived it at both eras, would be most interesting. The present writer has been so long out of touch with the undergraduate world that all he can do is to compare his

recollections of that life as it was then, with his guess of what it may be now. Certain changes in the external or, so to speak, institutional features of the college microcosm are obvious to anyone who will contrast the Yale of to-day with the Yale described by my classmate, the "Graduate of '69," in his "Four Years at Yale." There is the Wooden Spoon, for instance, which used to cause so many heart-burnings. That is gone, with its Spoon Exhibition, its Promenade Concert, its Cock Suppers, and the rest. The idea of deciding by vote who was the best fellow, or the most popular man in the class, was an essentially vulgar one, and the choice was seldom spontaneous,

but was manipulated in the interest of coalitions between the Junior societies.

I do not know whether the thing called "Junior politics," or even whether society politics in general, exists nowadays. There was a certain amount of excitement and fun about it. There were men who devoted their whole attention to it, and who looked upon the Faculty and the curriculum of study as existing merely for the sake of the society system and the distribution of class offices and honors. The Faculty kept up a sort of routine which imposed upon the outside world, but their true function was to maintain a chessboard upon which the youthful politicians could make their moves and combi-

nations. What else was the college for? Here was its real field of action. *Hic patet ingenuis campus.* (We did not use to call it "Campus," by the way, but "Yard.") To serious men, college politics, though not without amusing aspects, was childish nonsense, and, upon the whole, a nuisance and a bore.

The Spoon Exhibition, held in Music Hall, was usually a rather flat performance. A much more stalwart affair was the Thanksgiving Jubilee in Alumni Hall, with its sermon, its merrie minstrelsie, clog dances, and fun galore. It was a rough, hearty, noisy, characteristically Yale show, and could it have been kept within bounds, had elements in it

worth saving. Attempts were made to regulate it, and a censorship committee attended the rehearsals; but all was in vain.* Probably the license that distinguished the old Jubilee was an inseparable part of it, for when it was revived by the New York Alumni for a series of years, the same odor —not of sanctity—still hung about it.

Another institution that has gone—gone with "voice of weeping heard and loud lament," and with spasmodic experiments at revival — is the open societies. In the days of which I write (1865–69) these were still existent, but hardly alive. Their annual prize de-

* See Jubilee Ode—Prolog in Himmel, p. 10.

bates were hotly contested, though they were not properly debates, but set speeches, memorized and declaimed. On these occasions the halls and staircases were crowded, and the fortunate winners were borne off in triumph on the shoulders of their friends to expend their prize money—and generally a good deal more than their prize money—in little suppers. But the regular weekly meetings were slimly attended, and a story ran about a certain Brother-in-Unity, who, fired by an editorial in the *Lit.* on the duty of rallying to the support of the open societies, found his way one Wednesday evening into Linonia Hall and made a patriotic speech about the ancient glory of Brothers,

amid the ironical cheers of the dozen Linonians who happened to be present.

But space would fail me to tell of all the customs that have gone by the board, to be succeeded by others which have changed the whole outward face of college society. I say outward, for doubtless in essence the thing remains much the same. The most striking feature of recent undergraduate life is its intense, and perhaps slightly excessive, devotion to athletic sports. In 1865, the only department of athletics already well developed was boating. Rugby football had not been introduced, though faint rumors had come down to us of the old games on the green in which the Sophomores and

Freshmen kicked *en masse*, and which were put down by the Faculty in 1857. My own class, in its Freshman year, was the first to put a baseball nine in the field; and I believe that the University nine was not formed till 1868. I fancy that there was something a little impromptu about those early matches, anyway, and that, when a challenge was received from Harvard or elsewhere, a nine was hastily extemporized to go out to Hamilton Park and play the visitors.

Connected with this development of athletics is another peculiarity of contemporary student life which impresses the returning graduate: the degree, viz., to which that life is *organized*. The number of

clubs and organizations of all kinds listed in a modern *Banner* is something wonderful: glee clubs, chess clubs, rifle clubs, whist clubs, yacht clubs, Yale orchestras, Yale unions, University clubs, track athletic associations, banjo clubs, tennis clubs, Andover clubs, Ohio clubs, Berkeley societies, etc., etc.; most of them all undreamed of in the simple structure of undergraduate life in the sixties. There were the secret societies, to be sure,—too many of them,—but outside of these, our amusements, occupations, and social life were left to pursue their own route. It sometimes seems to me—I speak under correction and from an outside point of view—but it sometimes seems as if a certain

accidental, spontaneous charm had gone out of college life; as if everyone was enrolled in some organization or other, was in training for something, and carried on his amusements strenuously and in a corporate way. But very likely this is a wrong impression, the view of an onlooker and a *laudator temporis acti.* I am told that even the Sophomore and Freshman rushes are now organized and take place on the Grammar School lot at a set time and under rules. *Consule Planco,* a rush was an impulsive and unforeseen thing and liable to happen anywhere and any time; on Chapel Street, in the College Yard, in the post office or wherever a group of Sophomores encountered a group of

Freshmen and the joy of battle took possession of them. If there are to be rushes, of course the modern plan is much the better. When we wanted exercise we were very apt to take it in an unsystematic way, in small walking, rowing, and sailing parties. The gymnasium was largely given over to Freshmen and to men training for the crews. But every fair Wednesday and Saturday afternoon saw knots of men, from four to half a dozen, setting out with their walking sticks, to explore the country about New Haven: Light House Point, and the old fort, Lake Saltonstall, Rabbit Mountain, and the North Haven meadows, Cedar Hill, Wintergreen Falls, and all the Rocks, Edgewood,

Maltby Park, and the west shore. In Senior year walking was combined with a certain amount of botanizing and geologizing, and we found a guide in a very pleasant set of papers which Professor James D. Dana published, for the direction of student walkers, in the old *College Courant.* We used to go to the woods, as the present generation of undergraduates go to the Yale Field or the tennis courts. There were others, of course, who spent their holidays in billiards or poker, or in talking college politics, and some who took their degrees without ever going so far afield as East Rock or the Judge's Cave.

There was no yacht club in those days, but there were

some persistent sailors in summer term. *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor* was our motto, and we dreamed of voyages as far east as Montauk. But our Hercules' Pillar in that direction always remained the Thimble Islands, where we camped out in that halcyon season known as "Senior vacation," which formerly intervened between Presentation and Commencement. Temporary, informal clubs for mixed social and literary purposes exist, I suppose, now as they did then. One such I remember—and it is one of my pleasantest memories of college days — which was started in Sophomore year and continued to meet, irregularly and at convenience, all

through the remainder of the course.

There was still a certain roughness about college life in the late sixties. The era of Bully clubs, pow-wows, burials of Euclid, town and gown rows, had indeed gone by, and it was no longer thought good form to play pranks upon the Faculty. The annual burning of the North coal yard was a survival of that earlier Pliocene age. I cannot determine how far the class spirit and the Yale democracy have yielded to the more comfortable conditions of modern student life. Probably men in college spend more money than they used. There was but one man in my class who kept a saddle-horse, and none who owned a yacht

or dog-cart. There is no reason why college life should be rough or unrefined, but there are many reasons why it should be simple and plain. The glory of youth is independent of luxury. And it is the peculiar charm of academic life that its amusements, even, have, or ought to have, an intellectual touch about them, a constant reference to "the things of the mind."

JUBILEE ODE—PROLOG IM HIMMEL.

HERE'S been no jubilee that I've attended,
But something calculated to offend the most fastidious was there:
No minstrel show, however watched and tended,
But some bad joke had share—
Some grind, Jew desperate, duplicate intended,
Enough to raise the hair
Upon the oldest living graduate's head
(Though—parenthetically be it said—
I'm told the oldest living graduate's dead):
Jokes bad enough to draw Podsnapper's curse on

The show, and bring a blush to the
cheek of a young person.
Sometimes, when roused to spirit of
repartee,
The end man spared not in his ghoul-
ish glee,
Or age, or sex, or even the Faculty.
What should be done? They met.
They said "Go to:
Let us appoint a censor who shall
view
Each jest beforehand. Eke thereto
he shall
Be present at the merry rehearsál,
To crush whatever poison snake may
lurk
'Neath flowers of wit ambiguous, quip
or quirk."

The judge hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is he;
Nodding their heads before him goes
The nigger minstrelsy.

He listens with a patient smile
Till all the grinds are done.
"This seems indeed to me," he says,
"To be quite harmless fun.

"But will you please expound again
The point of that last pun."
Then up and spake the merry end man,
"In sooth it shall be done."

"Well, go ahead, we'll sample
The remainder of the show,
Which, I repeat, seems innocent
Thus far, though rather slow."

So through the programme, until naught remained,
Each doubtful point was questioned and explained.
Three hours went by—four—five: the tired spectator
Scrawled o'er the whole his desperate *imprimatur*
And fled the scene; and to himself said he:
"If ever more I serve as Jubilee
Committee, judge, or censor, let me be
Anathema: these subtle equivoques,
These double-headed, amphisbænic jokes,

Unto a plain, blunt man are blacker mysteries
Than the conundrums in the Class-day histories
Are to the victim's lady friends: in vain
They call on Fred or Willy to explain
Those passages in his biography
Which lightly touched, can wake such boisterous glee
That the leaves tremble on the tall elm tree."
Thus, lurking where some traverse lent its screen,
Yearly the puzzled censor might be seen
Watching the jokes and wondering what they meant.
In look and gesture proudly eminent,
Thence issuing, with magisterial frown,
He stopped the sermon, called the ballet down,
Or withered with rebuke the Rabelaisian clown.

THE THIMBLES.

EVERYONE who has been through college knows that the real life of the place is not to be found in Commencement Orations, or Wooden-Spoon exhibitions, or Freshman "rushes"; nor even at Springfield regattas and Hamilton Park matches. These are only its showy and boisterous croppings out, which get into the newspapers and form the commonplaces of conversation in college society. The genuine academic life is of finer, quieter, and more enduring essence. It is to be found in

the daily routine of pleasant study; in the life of chums; in the informal meetings of small reading parties or literary clubs; in summer walks and sails; and in vacation visits to the homes of classmates. This life is barren of incident, and yet its sameness is not monotonous. It is almost domestic in its simplicity, and yet the adventurous spirit of youth, the glow of early friendships, and the intellectual atmosphere which it breathes give it the charm of romance. Its appropriate expression must be sought in fiction and poetry—not in books of dry, statistical information.

What are the scenes and the moments to which a Yale man's memory turns back most

fondly when he thinks of his college days? We venture to say that the smell of wood-smoke in his nostrils, and the snap of hickory sticks in his ear, will inevitably bring up the group that sat one night around the old Franklin in South Middle, and watched the firelight flicker on the beam that sagged across the low ceiling. They sat deep into the night, and read deeply in each other's souls, and present and future looked as rosy as their curling pipe-smoke. How readily, under such a genial forcing-process,

> " doth the heart unclose
> Its formal calyx of pretenses,
> Which shut against rude day's offenses,
> And open its shy midnight rose " !

Or he will remember one night going into his coal-closet

with a candle, and suddenly seeing, whittled on the inside of the rude door, a name that makes the heart beat. And, setting down his candle, he feels himself for an instant the chum of greatness, and the homely room becomes "a feasting presence full of light."

Recall that June evening when you loitered up Temple Street, in mingled moonshine and elm-shadow, and in the breath of mignonette from the dusky gardens, and the sound of ladies' voices from some unseen piazza, you caught a sense of the past—something from Willis or "our own Percival," and the days of serenades and sentiment.

The scenery about New Haven—very various, and

richly wooded for the neighborhood of so large a town—leaves indelible impressions on all college walkers. Two ridges or dykes of trap end in the fine precipices known as East and West Rock, each about two miles from the university. These with their intermediate spurs look over the plain in which the city lies. They are covered with a growth of red cedar and juniper. Past the foot of each flows a creek bordered by a narrow strip of salt marsh, the hay-stacks on which have been aptly compared by Dr. Holmes to billiard-balls lying about on their tables. The creeks run into a harbor long and narrow, whose entrance is guarded by a point of rocks, jutting out boldly from the

groves behind and carrying a lighthouse on its back. When the day is clear, you can see from East Rock the white caps beyond the Light, and across the Sound the line of the Long Island sand bluffs. How many a September saunter we remember over the woody Fair Haven hills when the barberries were turning red! How many a draught of the small, small beer at the cheerful toll-gate on the Woodbridge Pike! How many a lazy spring day whittle on the beach at Morris Cove, under the row of half-dead Lombardy poplars, watching the ripples curling in over the sand! Here the vernal impulse would seize us, prompting Homeric voyages to the Thimbles, and making us impatient for the return of those

summer midnights when, in the deadest of calms, we should float up the bay on a flood-tide toward "White's," trying to discover by the phosphorescence in the wake, and by our scarcely receding cigar-smoke as it rose to the stars, whether our rudder was making any progress through the water.

The Thimbles used to be a favorite haunt. These are a group of forty islands in the Sound, some ten miles east of the Light. They were a famous stamping-ground of Captain Kidd, and are fairly classic with traditions of that secretive buccaneer. A bayou opening by a narrow passage into High Island is called Kidd's Harbor. There, says the legend, he lay *perdu* while

His Majesty's cruisers sailed past the entrance. One of those oval depressions in the rocks, known to geologists as "pot-holes," is called Kidd's Punch Bowl. A rusty iron ring and staple in the cliff is supposed to have held the cable of his galley. On Money Island luxuriant crops of the Stinking Herb Robert have sprung up in spots even recently dug over by treasure-seekers.

The very flora of the Thimbles is unique and tropically weird. The cat-tails in the brackish marshes grow to a monstrous size; so do the joints of the prickly-pear cactus, whose yellow blossoms bask over the sunny rocks where we used to race young sand-snipe. I wonder if that old pair of boots

which Punderson left on the top of Gull Rock as a sacrifice to the Venti are standing there yet. They were the last thing we saw, boldly outlined against the crimson eastern sky, on the morning when we said good-by to the Thimbles.

Oh, messmates of the *Triton* and the *Eddy!* most of us are a good many miles inland now. Some of us have trifled with our digestions; all of us, doubtless, have lost the unquestioning appetites of early youth. But shall we ever forget ye, *noctes cœnæque deum?* Forget ye, nectar and ambrosia, coffee and clam-chowder, blue-fish and lobster, partaken of at every point of that well-known coast; at Half Mile Island and Branford Point; at Double

Beach and Pine Orchard; at Dickerman's and at Stony Creek? And where not?

The following, which was written in those lotus-eating days, may or may not describe a true occurrence. But—well, strange things have happened at the Thimbles.

THE MERMAID'S GLASS.

'Twas down among the Thimble Isles,
That strew for many liquid miles
The waters of Long Island Sound.
Our yacht lay in a cove; around
The rocky isles with cedars green
And channels winding in between;
And here a low, black reef was spread,
And there a sunken "nigger-head"
Dimpled the surface of the tide.
From one tall island's cliffy side
We heard the shaggy goats that fed.
The gulls wheeled screaming overhead
Or settled in a snowy flock
Far out upon the lonely rock

Which, like a pillar, seemed to show
Some drowned acropolis below.
Meanwhile, in the warm sea about,
With many a plunge and jolly shout,
Our crew enjoyed their morning bath.
The hairy skipper in his wrath
Lay cursing on the gunwale's rim ;
He loved a dip, but could not swim ;
So, now and then with plank afloat,
He'd struggle feebly round the boat
And o'er the side climb puffing in,
Scraping wide areas off his skin,
Then lie and sun each hirsute limb
Once more upon the gunwale's rim,
And shout, with curses unavailing :
" Come out ! There's wind : let's do
some sailing ! "
A palm-leaf hat, that here and there
Bobbed on the water, showed him where
Some venturous swimmer, outward bound,
Escaped beyond his voice's sound.
All heedless of their skipper's call,
One group fought for the upset yawl.
The conqueror sat astride the keel
And deftly pounded with his heel
The hands that clutched his citadel,
Which showed—at distance—like the shell
Round which, unseen, the naiad train
Sport naked in the middle main.

Myself had drifted far away,
Meanwhile, from where the sail-boat lay,
Till all unbroken I could hear
The waves' low whisper in my ear,
And at the level of mine eye
The blue vibration met the sky.
Sometimes upon my back I lay
And watched the clouds, while I and they
Were wafted effortless along—
Sudden I seemed to hear a song :
Yet not a song, but some weird strain
As though the inarticulate main
Had found a voice whose human tone
Interpreted its own dull moan ;
Its foamy hiss ; its surfy roar ;
Its gentle lapping on the shore ;
Its noise of subterranean waves
That grumble in the sea-cliff caves ;
Its whish among the drifting miles
Of gulf-wind from the Indian Isles—
All—all the harmonies were there
Which ocean makes with earth or air.
Turning I saw a sunken ledge
Bared by the ebb, along whose edge
The matted sea-weed dripped : thereon,
Betwixt the dazzle of the sun
And the blue shimmer of the sea,
I saw—or else I seemed to see—

A mermaid, crooning a wild song;
Combing with arm uplifted long
The hair that shed its meshes black
Down the slope whiteness of her back.
She held a mirror in her hand,
Wherein she viewed sky, sea and land—
Her beauty's background and its frame.
But now, as toward the rock I came,
All suddenly across the glass
Some startling image seemed to pass;
For her song rose into a scream,
Over her shoulders one swift gleam
Of eyes unearthly fell on me,
And, 'twixt the flashing of the sea
And the blind dazzle of the sun,
I saw the rock, but thereupon
She sat no longer 'gainst the blue;
Only across the reef there flew
One snow-white tern and vanished too.
But, coasting that lone island round,
Among the slippery kelp I found
A little oval glass that lay
Upturned and flashing in the ray
Of the down-looking sun. Thereto
With scarce believing eyes I drew
And took it captive.

A while there
I rested in the mermaid's lair,

And felt the merry breeze that blew
And watched the sharpies as they flew,
And snuffed the sea's breath thick with brine,
And basked me in the sun's warm shine;
Then with my prize I made my way
Once more to where the sail-boat lay.
I kept the secret and the glass;
By day across its surface pass
The transient shapes of common things
Which chance within its oval brings.
But when at night I strive to sound
The darkness of its face profound,
Again I seem to hear the breeze
That curls the waves on summer seas;
I see the isles with cedars green;
The channels winding in between;
The coves with beaches of white sand;
The reefs where warning spindles stand;
And, through the multitudinous shimmer
Of waves and sun, again the glimmer
Of eyes unearthly falls on me,
Deep with the mystery of the sea.

CHUMS.

THERE is often a tenderness beyond common friendship in the life of college chums; a domestic and almost conjugal relation springs from their little housekeeping. Yet chumlock, like wedlock, is a lottery. I even knew a Junior whose experience had been so unlucky that at last, in a fit of cynical desperation, he advertised for a roommate. The advertisement was inserted under "Matrimonial" in the *College Courant*, and bulletined in the university drug-store. It was answered; but

the saying about college was that Robinson had advertised for a chum in an apothecary's shop and had got a *pill.*

My Freshman chum was from Illinois, though there was nothing about him to suggest the broad prairies of the West. On the contrary, he was niggling, anxious, near-sighted, yet absent-minded withal—so absent-minded, in fact, that once when he started to throw a suit of clothes into his bureau drawer and at the same instant to spit in the fire, he spat in the drawer and threw the clothes in the fire. He kept a journal, to improve what he was pleased to call his "style." I used to read selections from it to classmates who happened to drop in while he was out, and it

never failed to entertain the company. His views of college life had been formed from a reading of that valuable treatise, Todd's "Student's Manual." He was deeply impressed by the necessity of rising at 6 A. M. to prepare the morning lesson, and had bought an alarm-clock to call him early. There was always something irregular about the performances of this timepiece. On going to bed he would set the alarm for six. At first it used to go off at midnight; but he rectified this with such success that it declined to go off at all. He generally awoke of his own accord a little before six, and waited for the alarm to strike. Then, noticing that it was past the hour, he would get up and

set it off himself, and, having thus discharged his duty to the faithful monitor, return to bed and sleep till the seven o'clock prayer-bell rang. He was so near-sighted that without his glasses, which we used sometimes to secrete, he was as helpless as the Phorcydes when their one eye had been borrowed by a neighbor. The bridge of his nose being thin, he was torn in his mind between deciduous glasses, with limber springs, which he was always shedding, and glasses with stiff springs that pinched his nose as in a vise and gradually wore it away till it hung by a thread. His classmates, with that delicate consideration for one another's infirmities which we showed in the con-

sulship of Plancus, called him "Lippus," or "Moon-Smeller." But he was of a self-complacent turn, and defended his position by an article in the *Lit.*, entitled "On the Disadvantages arising from not being Near-Sighted," which was greeted with much derision.

We had obtained, by special favor, an apartment in Old Divinity, half of which building had already been torn down to make room for the foundation of Durfee. The other half was allowed to stand for a while for the accommodation of its lodgers. The north wall of the bedrooms in our section, however, had been cut away, so that, from Elm Street, Divinity showed a raw end, with ampu-

tated timbers sticking out in the air, ragged edges of brick walls and lath-and-plaster partitions, and tiers of interesting interiors exposed, like cuts in old editions of "Le Diable Boiteux," representing the stories of houses in Madrid laid open to the eyes of Asmodeus and his pupil. The modest tenants of the college, of course, brought their bedroom furniture into their studies, and used their bisected dormitories only as balconies, sitting out there in the summer evenings and holding little receptions of friends, who came to smoke a cigar *à la belle étoile* and survey the curious state of the premises. I persuaded my chum to move his bed inside, to sleep and even

to bathe in the study, but he obstinately refused to bring in the rest of his chamber-set. Accordingly, passers-by on Elm Street were daily refreshed by the prospect of a row of trousers, coats, night-shirts, etc., hung upon the outer wall; and every morning, about seven, a mob of mechanics and shop-girls collected to witness my chum perform his toilet in blank unconsciousness that he was become a hissing and a reproach. As he gauged others' vision by his own, he always maintained, when I remonstrated with him, that no one could see him so far away as Elm Street. At last a note from the Faculty obliged him to withdraw his effects into "the estres of the grisly place,"

and to leave nothing for the public gaze beyond a row of hooks, a few chairs, and the outside of the study door.

This chum was a cloth-shoe kind of man. There was a faint odor of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" always about him. He kept an account of his expenditures in a blank-book, containing such entries as "April 19, spent nine cents for postage-stamps; ditto, six cents horse-car fare to East Rock; ditto 20, gave two cents to hand-organ man," etc., etc. He brushed his preposterous clothes assiduously. In winter he wore a red worsted tippet and a cap with a fur button on top. If the ground was wet, he heedfully turned up his trousers about the ankle. If it

threatened snow, he carried an umbrella tied about the waist with a shoe-string. When I watched the figure of my chum thus equipped moving slowly along in front of the colleges, there was something so exasperating about it that I could hardly keep from throwing things at him.

A very different person was my roommate of Sophomore year. His name was Rushton, and he first endeared himself to me by borrowing my tattered copy of Arnold's "Greek Prose Composition," carrying it off to recitation, and bringing me back in its stead a clean copy belonging to a man in his division, named Fitch. On the fly-leaf, right under Fitch's sign manual, Rushton had

written a graceful little dedication in verse, beginning:

"This book was once the book of Fitch,
From out the mazy depths of which
He fished most sweet and ancient Greek,
And made it, dead, alive to speak."

Such useful qualities in a chum were not to be overlooked, and I at once proposed and was accepted. I may say here that personal property in text-books was a right unrecognized *consule Planco.* There was a beautiful community in the aids and appliances of learning, a genuine republic of letters. It was rare to find a man with a text-book in his possession which had his own name on it. I have bought of the unblushing Hoadley—the keeper of the college bookstore

—the same books several times over; books which I recognized as formerly mine, but which had strayed back in some way to their fountain-head. Apropos of this, I find the following entry in the records of the Red Letter Club, in the handwriting of one of our neighbors: "Last Saturday afternoon, B. and R. had another lucrative vendue of books which careless parties have left in their room. I was myself made to pay fifty cents for a wretched old German grammar which, I have every reason to believe, belonged to Campbell." From the proceeds of these auction-sales was formed a sinking fund devoted to the purchase of rabbits and ale. In justice to ourselves, it should be said that

we sometimes invited the—alleged—former owners of the books to share the feast with us. This imperfect development of the institution of private ownership extended even to articles of clothing. There were about a dozen dress suits in the class, and it was found on trial that they would fit everyone equally well. But my chum often complained, while making his toilet of a morning, that I bought my collars too small for his neck. When "the galled jade," as we called our laundress, brought home our week's washing, there was always a pleasing excitement in watching her unload her basket. "Chum, look over the clean filth," Rushton would

call out from the lounge, "and see if there's anything new. I hope she put in some of Harding's handkerchiefs: I like them better than Blake's, and Hubbard's are about played out."

We began housekeeping with five chairs. These were soon reduced to two, and then to one. My chum did not sit in so many chairs at once as Edward Everett's roommate is said to have done. Still, to persons of a sedentary habit, seats of some kind are almost a necessity; and it became a question how we were to replace ours. Presentation Day was our great annual opportunity; for then numbers of chairs were taken out into the entries and the yard, for the

ladies to sit in during the reading of class-histories; and, after the assembly rose and followed the procession to the library to witness the planting of the ivy, the frugal householder who was on the lookout for chairs could get a very good assortment to start the new year with. But Presentation was still far distant when our last chair gave out. In this strait we hinted to our sweep that there were large deposits of chairs stored about college—in the cellar of South, *e. g.*—which at present were merely matter out of place, and that he would deserve well of his country who should put some of them where they would do the most good. The hint was enough. One night we were

awakened by a low, chuckling sound, and by the dim firelight in our outer room we discerned a Senegambian procession, each member of which carried a pair of chairs, which he stood softly upon their feet and then withdrew. It was all like a dream; but next morning there the chairs were, in wood and cane. It was perhaps in part the knowledge of this guilty secret which kept us ever after in thraldom to our aged sweep. He used to chuckle gently, as he dusted the ill-gotten things, and say, with a shake of the head, "This chair gettin' pretty rickety. Good deal like d'ole man: won't las' much longer."

But, indeed, my chum and myself, being both afflicted

with moral cowardice, were shamefully bullied by all our employees. The "galled jade" so wrought upon our feelings by her widowed state and by the two small orphans who sometimes came with her of a Monday and lurked bashfully in the crack of the door, that we paid our wash bills without a murmur, and without the heart to mention the disappearance of that long caravan of shirts and cuffs which she had burned, lacerated, and abstracted at various times. Our sweep, of whom we stood in the most terror, was a smooth old swindler, with a molasses-candy complexion and great elasticity of conscience. Every now and then he would vanish for a week, leaving us to make

the fire and fetch the water. Under the pressure of these chores, desperation brought a kind of boldness.

"Rushton," I would say, "you have got to bully White for this when he comes back."

"No, chum; *you* bully him. I'm afraid."

"So am I afraid."

"Well, let's flip up a cent for it."

"No, sir: it's your turn. I did it last time."

"The deuce you did! I heard what you said to him. Do you call that bullying?"

"Well, then, we'll both do it."

So, when our coffee-colored tyrant appeared at the end of the week, with an obsequious face, but limping and groaning

aloud, as if in pain, I would commence, in a trembling voice, "Well, White, we haven't seen you for quite a while."

"No, sah," he would answer, with a reproachful look; "d'ole man 'mos' lef' you for good dis time. Started to get out of bed las' Monday mornin', and d'lumbago took me awful bad. Haint set foot to de floor sence. Ole man had a mighty narrow shave of it dis time. Wife *she's* been sick, too: got her ole complaint—twistin' of de long bowel, *she* calls it. 'Mos' as bad as d'lumbago 'self."

In face of such accumulated miseries our stern intent dissolved, and, as neither of us ever got courage to dismiss him, things went on as before. We afterward found out that our

sweep was an energetic exhorter at "nigger union." It used to be customary for squads of students to visit that house of worship on Sunday evenings—not, it must be confessed, in an entirely devotional spirit. On one such occasion, our sweep having been absent from his duties several days, presumably tossing upon a bed of pain, we were surprised to see him in the pulpit, sustained on either side by a sturdy deacon, while he called sinners to repentance with an expenditure of horse-power that would have sufficed, if applied along the line of his work, to black our boots for a week and to carry a hogshead of water from the south pump to our bedroom. Whether he recognized us in the congrega-

tion we never knew. He certainly did not change color.

One of the fellest destroyers of chairs was a classmate and frequent visitor, whom we called Thersites. He was a small, light man, and it seemed incredible that he should break so many chairs in a term. But it was his emphasis that did it, rather than his weight. He used the chairs as instruments for expressing that loathing and contempt for most of the class of '69 which he could only imperfectly utter in words. "Ye gods!" he would shout, at the mention of some classmate who, having recently taken a prize in Linonia prize-debate, was spoken of as a sure man for a *Lit.* editorship next year; "Dusenbury a *Lit.* editor!

One of Nature's feeble men! A microcephalous idiot! An ass and the foal of an ass! Rotten pumpkin is granite to Dusenbury!" And *crack* would go a chair.

"Look out, Billy!" we would remonstrate. "Calm yourself; calm yourself. There are worse men in the world than poor Dusenbury."

"Hang your old chair! Oh, you don't suffer from these asses as I do. I tell you, the thought of them is actual physical pain to me."

And, abandoning the wreck of the chair, he would grovel on the floor and groan aloud. Where art thou, oh, Thersites, kindest-hearted of misanthropes? Whither in this asinine world hast thou wandered?

I would thou wert even now before me:

> "That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
> Unpolicied."

For Thersites was no respecter of persons.

Our stove was a grate whose modest dimensions gave no token of an appetite so abnormal that Rushton declared it had a tape-worm. When well fed it gave out too much heat—became, in fact, as my chum complained, "a young hell on legs"; and when we sat around it discussing theology on Sunday evenings, the Lares and Penates seemed to dance visibly upon the miniature iron hearth, like imps before the threshold of their

home of pain. When times were flush, we glutted its maw with the best of Lehigh; but during the third quarter of a term there comes a slack time in college finances, when it is impossible to borrow and hard to get tick. Then we were driven to fill the vacuum in our coal-bin by witty expedients. First we consumed spare articles of furniture, portions of the college fence, etc. At last we had recourse to the partitions of our coal-closet. As our neighbors practiced similar economies, postern gates and intricate passages from room to room were opened through the walls, which were often convenient when a sudden attack by the Faculty on one entry made it

prudent to escape into another. The chief objection to the planking of our coal-closets, considered as fuel, was the length of the timbers. We had no means of reducing these to the right size except by putting the ends of the beams in the stove and resting the other ends on a semicircle of chairs in the middle of the room. As the boards burned down, we shoved them farther in, and the half-circle of chairs, with a constantly diminishing radius, approached nearer and nearer to the stove, until the planks reached a shortness that enabled them to go into the grate; and then we occupied the chairs ourselves and pantingly inhaled the smoke with which this process had filled the room.

As to our bedstead, very exaggerated rumors were current in the class, traceable to the secretary of the Red Letter Club, who, having once had a glimpse of our penetralia, brought back into the outer world the following injurious report:

"The room itself is a sort of chaos of seedy valises, broken chairs, candle-boxes, decayed boots, and valueless raiment; while a very chaotic thing indeed is the iron bedstead, with three legs, aërated bedding, and flaming quilts."

Now, some support may have been given to this slander by our having bestowed upon our bedstead the pet name of Tripos. But this was not meant to be accurately descrip-

tive: the fourth leg was there, though not usually in working order. Those who are familiar with the anatomy of an iron bedstead know that the legs are kept upright by a peg inserted in a hole at the junction of the leg with the horizontal frame of the structure. This peg was missing in the case of our southeast leg. We had replaced it by a nail, which slipped out and disappeared; then by a lead-pencil, which broke. Finally, we gave it up, and allowed that corner of the couch to repose gently upon the floor. This gave an angle to our slumbers of about fifteen degrees—the same which is given by the "Adirondack Patent Camp Lounge." We grew in time to prefer this

slight slope to the strictly horizontal plane of ordinary beds, and made no further efforts to restore the fourth leg to a vertical position. Originally my chum had possessed a wooden four-poster of his own, but this had disappeared about the middle of Sophomore year. Whether, like Margery Daw, he had sold it in a moment of recklessness, or whether we had used it for fuel, I have forgotten. I only know that in very cold weather, when our coal-bin was low, the life of any wooden thing at No. — North College was apt to be a short one.

Through Junior year I continued nominally to room with Rushton. But in the second term a difference of opinion

between the Faculty and myself on the subject of my attendance at morning prayers forced me to pitch my tent outside the College Yard. Under a strict construction of the law I should have gone away from New Haven altogether; but this would have been inconvenient. I therefore satisfied the spirit of my sentence by retiring to a country-seat on the Canal Railroad, which was remote enough to amount to a practical banishment, though technically within the limits of the town. I owed this suburban asylum to the hospitality of a friend in the Sheffield Scientific School, who had lived a life of retirement there for over a year. I stayed with him for a month or more, and

the episode was unique in my college life. The home of my rustication was an old-fashioned house, with high pitched roof and dormer windows, standing in a grove of pines, among whose murmurous needles the March wind made all day and night a sound as of the sea. There was a decayed garden, with box borders and althæa trees. The front gate was spanned by a wooden arch, which gave a triumphal effect to the simple act of entering the yard. Behind the house was a hill covered with woods, and in front, at the distance of a few rods, ran the railway. We were as secluded from the currents of college life, or indeed from the life of the city whose factory whistles blew close by, as if we

had sojourned on the highest hill-top of Litchfield County. Never by any chance did a tutor or a student stray our way. Mechanics with their tin pails went up and down the railway-track at morning and evening. The few neighbors who dwelt beyond us in the same valley passed the house occasionally. But the farmers driving in or out of town took the highroad on the ridge behind us, or the long boulevard a quarter of a mile beyond the railway. Hardly a dozen vehicles a day disturbed the dust in front of our garden fence.

My host—and chum for the nonce—was a man of intense application. He was taking a course in the chemical labora-

tory, and he disappeared every morning after breakfast and returned to dinner in the evening, lunching in town to save time. Thus I was alone all day. The season was early spring, the weather raw and blustering; so I stayed indoors and read steadily. My chum's room was a pleasant one, with a high ceiling and an open fireplace. The walls were hung with trophies of a year's survey in Arizona—a water canteen, a Mexican stirrup, a lasso which reflected the firelight from its coils of hard, shining leather, and cheerful photographs of débris slopes, cañons, alkaline deserts, and sage bushes. After reading myself into shreds and beginning to yield to the drowsiness produced by the

singing of the logs in the fire and the monotonous rattle of the window sash in the wind, I would get into my overcoat about five o'clock and set out for a constitutional and an appetite against the dinner hour. It would not do to be seen in New Haven, and so, for fear of peripatetic tutors, I confined my walks mostly to the railroad track, which ran out through Newhallville into the flat agricultural region beyond. The Canal Railroad—"the raging canawl," as my chum called it—was not without a quiet picturesqueness of its own. 'Twas a leisurely and primitive road. The trains which occasionally appeared upon it, proceeding northward in a deliberate manner, seemed

not to obey any time schedule, but to start whenever there were people enough at the station to make up a carful—country neighbors, in the main, I should judge, returning from a day's shopping in town. And the conductor, having noted their familiar faces on the down trip in the morning, would obligingly wait till he was sure they were all on board for the home voyage before he gave the signal to get under way. I often followed, in fancy, the progress of one of these *Bummelzüge* as it disappeared in the horizon. I thought of all the little bewhittled wooden station houses by which it would pause, each with Something-*ville* painted on a board over the door; of

the lonely country roads where the inevitable farmer, jogging homeward in his wagon, would sit waiting at the crossing for the cars to pass; of the back-door yards—chickens roosting on the telegraph wire—where it would slow up to deliver a letter or bundle to a woman in a check apron coming down to to the fence from the kitchen door; and how then it would leave the region of villages altogether and come to where the grass begins to grow between the sleepers, and the train, going slower and slower in the gathering dusk, would finally come to a standstill in a wide plain, with no house in sight. Once I even boarded a train and rode for two or three stations. There was only

one passenger car, and it had, as I had expected, a domestic air—more like a private parlor, or say the conference room of a country meeting house, than like a rail car. The passengers all appeared to know one another. Two or three of them who stood on the platform addressed the solitary brakeman as "Charlie." The conductor, after going through the form of taking up my ticket, sat down and conversed with different acquaintances. He had the reposeful manner of one who knew that there was no chance of a collision on that road, that the track was clear from terminus to terminus.

A good tramp up the track and down again, with a glass of new ale and a butter-cracker at

the grocery in Newhallville (a resort of merit, where was much real life going on), shook off the afternoon's drowsiness, and put me in trim for dinner, when my chum arrived with books from the library, news from Academus, the daily papers, and sometimes letters from confiding parents, who figured me still dwelling at No. — North Middle College, on the "second stage of discipline," and knew not, alas! that I had already entered the purgatory of that third and final stage. My chum's budget came like "hints and tokens of the world to spirits folded in the womb." For in truth the loneliness of my existence began to wear upon me. It was that time of year when the lengthening days

bring no vernal thoughts, but the pale, cold light lingers cheerlessly over the naked landscape. The spring is full of hope, but from the middle of March to the middle of April it is hope deferred, and the melancholy twilights are full of disquiet and regret. A fatiguing wind blows continually; cold, but with no tonic in its coldness such as the winds of autumn have. From the ditches along the railway embankment, the bed of the old Hamden and Hampshire Canal, and from the ponds and swamps of the level land, rose the croak of frogs, subdued to a monotonous ring as of distant sleigh-bells, and giving fit expression to the feeling of the season and the hour.

This interregnum chum of mine was a man of Spartan habits. To keep himself in trim for work, every morning before breakfast he ate a soda cracker (by way of foundation), ran a mile, and returning, took a cold bath in his hat-tub. We slept in a wintry room under the roof, and often he would wake me by his yells as the icy water poured down his back. The instrument of his torture was a sponge, which he had brought with him from his boyhood's home. It was originally, I think, a carriage sponge. At all events, like Captain Costigan's hair-brush, it was "an ancient and wondrous piece," having the softness and absorbent power of pumice stone. The water poured through its

perforations without soaking into its cellular tissue in the least, while its surface rasped the skin like a strigil. Long practice and an intimate knowledge of the *dip* of the labyrinths and galleries that honeycombed this monumental rock-work enabled its owner to carry up about half a pint of water in it. But a red artillerist in the class, who once partook of our hospitalities over-night, and was invited to use the sponge in the morning, spoke of it bitterly as a "d—d breech-loading nutmeg grater." My chum tried to persuade me to eat a cracker and run, but I preferred my exercise in a more conservative shape. As to the bath, I agreed with him in principle, but my practice was more flexible than

his own, varying somewhat with the temperature. He said that a man who didn't have at least one tub a day was a cad. But I asked him whether he supposed that Sir Philip Sidney committed total immersion daily. In Germany, I afterward noticed, a bath is not undertaken in this *leichtsinnig* way of ours, but only with medical advice and after long and prayerful consideration.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all my chums was he of Senior year. Barlow had a vivid though prosaic imagination, which delighted in grotesque and sometimes loathsome images. I once heard him gravely declare that, having been in Switzerland while a boy, he had seen a crétin

wheeling his goître before him on a wheelbarrow. It was Barlow who fixed upon one of the tutors the name of Glass-legs. He asserted that the tutor in question was possessed of a delusion that his legs were made of glass, and that, at seasons when his monomania became acute, he clamored aloud to be laid in sawdust. He said that he once met him on Chapel Street carrying a large covered basket on his arm, and that, stopping to speak with him for a moment, he accidentally jostled the basket, whereupon his interlocutor, glancing nervously at his precious burden, said in an impressive whisper, "Be careful, please; this basket contains my legs, and they are very

brittle. A slight jar might produce fracture."

Barlow also asserted that he was present once at morning chapel when Tutor Cosine, whose duty it was to conduct the exercises, began his prayer as follows: "O Thou who dost cause the planets to revolve in their elliptical orbits—the force of attraction varying inversely as the square of the distance." His imagination was so much in excess of his learning that it often led him into difficulties at examinations and otherwise. Thus, at Sophomore annual, when the Faculty made their usual unsuccessful effort to drop him, he had got a passage from the "Agamemnon," descriptive of that hero's assassination by

Clytemnestra, in which occurred the line,

βάλλει μ' ἐρεμνῇ ψακάδι φοινίας δρόσου.

("He strikes me with a black drop of bloody dew.")

Barlow knew that *βάλλειν* meant "to strike," but the rest of the line was Greek to him. At last a reminiscence of the Cyclops and the Odyssey of Freshman year came athwart his mind, and he wrote triumphantly, "He strikes me with a smooth stick of green peeled olive-wood."

He was also somewhat defective in logic. He had exhausted his ingenuity in framing excuses for absence from prayers. Thrice had the nose-bleed overtaken him just as he was entering the sacred portals.

Twice he had fallen prostrate in a puddle when the bell was on its last strokes. Once a bee had stung him on the eyelid at the same critical moment. Accordingly, having made a resolution to sleep over no more, he wrote on a slip of paper, "Dunham, wake me at 6.45," and put it in a conspicuous place where the sweep would see it in the morning. The faithful Dunham obeyed instructions to the letter, and I was awakened myself at the hour mentioned by bad language from my chum's bedroom.

"What's loose?" I inquired.

"That blasted nigger woke me up, and it's only a quarter of seven."

"Well, you left a notice

for him to wake you, didn't you?"

"Yes; but I thought he couldn't read."

Barlow was a lazy man—so much so that, having occasion for frequent profanity when studying his mathematical lessons, he had written on the wall near the head of the lounge, where he usually lay, a double column of imprecations. A single glance at this, he said, was equivalent to half a dozen swears, on the principle of the Chinese praying machine, and saved him the labor of iteration. If he had put half the time into study that he put into contriving "skinning" apparatus for examinations, he might have taken the Valedictory. This apparatus was often of

great intricacy, and depended on a delicate adjustment of chances. One of his plans, *e. g.*, made it necessary for the operator to secure a seat near the window of the examination-room. From this, which must be providentially open, he was to lower his question-paper to the ground by a string. There it was to be received by two classmates strong in mathematics, who were to work out the problems and write the solutions on another piece of paper. A fourth conspirator was then to knock at the door of the examination-room and distract the examiner's attention by handing him a long telegram, dispatched for the nonce by a fifth accomplice dwelling in suspension at Stam-

ford. Under cover of this diversion, and at a signal from below, the operator was to hoist away on his string and bring in the paper of solutions. My chum spent hours in polishing this scheme and perfecting all its details. It attained a certain ideal symmetry and even a poetic beauty under his hands. It set in motion such numbers of men, and required such simultaneous convergence upon strategic points, that it affected the imagination like the evolutions of armies. It was a pity that the examiner innocently defeated the scheme by assigning seats in alphabetical order, which brought my chum far from the window of his hope. The two confederates mighty in mathematics waited long

under the Lyceum wall, and wondered why tarried the wheels of his chariot. In vain the exile of Stamford sent a long and very expensive telegram, praying for a shortening of his suspension. The message remained in the pocket of Fourth Murderer, who found his occupation gone. By such simple means do the gods confound the vain imaginations of men.

Barlow was also of a cheerful and sanguine poverty. He would waste his substance by heating pennies on the stove and tossing them out of the window among a crowd of "muckers," rejoicing when they greedily picked up the hot coins and then dropped them with cries of grief and

rage. Once he broke up an orphan procession returning from Sunday-school by flinging a shower of coppers into the muddiest part of Chapel Street, by South College. And one day, on the fence, he bought out, for the sum of twenty-five cents to him in hand paid, the entire stock in trade of a lemonade-peddler, on condition entered into by Johnny Roach, the newsboy of Morocco Street, that he would drink the whole. There was about a gallon, and such a prospect of unlimited sensual enjoyment had probably never entered into Johnny's wildest dream. He drank the first half of his contract with unflagging gusto. His sense of duty carried him manfully

through the third quart; but the only thing that sustained him in the last quadrant of the job was the thought that if he left a single drop undrunk he would hereafter regret his wasted opportunity. Presently he writhed upon the sward in awful agonies, and extorted from my terrified chum another twenty-five cents wherewith to buy brandy for an antidote.

It was during Senior year that my stand ran down from a Philosophical to a First Dispute. "Company—villainous company—hath been the spoil of me." My previous roommates had few followers, and I could study in peace. But Barlow was of a gregarious turn, and his friends swarmed

upon us like myrmidons. They respected neither the age and infirmity of our furniture, nor the sacred ties of blood. One afternoon I heard sounds of ribaldry as I approached my room, and inside I found a crowd busy in target-practice. With my new pair of compasses they were spearing, at ten paces, a card nailed to the coal-closet door, which turned out on examination to be the photograph of the Rev. Erastus Buel, a remote collateral relative, which they had taken from my album.

My chum was fain to be a sporting-man. He bought a small Scotch terrier, which he used to drag about the yard on the end of a string, where it looked like a fur muff. The

keeping of dogs was contrary to regulations; but the tutor in our entry, who roomed directly under us, good-naturedly winked at the offense. But one day, disturbed by a boxing-match overhead between Barlow and a visitor, he called to remonstrate, and mistaking Shagbark for the door-mat, undertook to wipe his feet on him, and was chewed as to the calf-part. Shag, thus rudely brought to the notice of authority, could no longer be ignored, and Barlow had to sell him to a local fancier.

In the matter of visitors, it is apt to be in college very much as in a large city: one has not necessarily much acquaintance with the men in one's own entry, unless, indeed, the entry

has been "packed." The only one of our immediate neighbors in Senior year with whom we constantly forgathered was Nimrod in the adjoining entry, with whose premises we established a back-door communication by breaking down the partition of the coal-closet. Before this was done, rumors of Nimrod had been wafted through the wall, exciting guesses as to his probable character. One day, going into my coal-closet, I heard a groan as of someone in pain, on the other side of the partition, and, listening intently, distinguished these words repeated over and over again: "I'm a plain, blunt man; I'm a plain, blunt man."

Fearing for our neighbor's sanity, I made inquiries about

him, and learned that he practiced declamation in his room, and that, emulating Demosthenes, he wore pebbles in his mouth at recitation. When we finally penetrated the wall that sundered us and entered into personal intimacy with Nimrod, we found him a person of traits. He was a patriotic class and society man, and used his oratorical talent with effect in class meetings. He was reported to have spoken eloquently when initiated into Psi Upsilon, and to have exclaimed, tapping himself upon the breast, "Mr. President, I know not how others may feel on this occasion, but there's a little lump of flesh right here that is one mass of love for Psi Upsilon." He had devised and caused to be

engraved a class coat-of-arms bearing the legend, "One link shall bind us ever: we were classmates at old Yale." He vainly tried to get my cynical chum to subscribe for a copy of this, reproaching him with a lack of class spirit. "Fifty cents for a class-poster?" Barlow would answer. "Four excellent cigars for a class-stamp? Ten glasses of beer for a dashed old pasteboard with a lying motto on it? Go to the bond-holder, thou sluggard: I can't afford such frivolities."

Nimrod was likewise a mighty hunter of memorabilia, and, in company with our eminent philatelist, who had a similar weakness, scoured the university in search of relics. He had

an unrivaled collection in his room, and once imperiled his life to add to it the hour-hand of the clock on Lyceum Tower. Owing to the supineness of the Time Service Department, this indicator had been walking over the course in solitary state for nearly a month, its livelier sister having been borne off by a bold Freshman. Before Nimrod captured the surviving pointer it was possible to form an approximate notion of the time of day. After that there remained nothing but a nubbin, which continued its inane revolutions at the center of the dial for a month or two more. But Nimrod's favorite bit of memorabil, and one of which he always spoke with a quiet rapture, was a Junior Exhibition

Programme of the Class of 1810. It had an engraving of a corpulent winged female haling a similar allegorical figure toward a pavilion perched on a roll of solid cloud. Underneath was the inscription, "Genius conducted by Learning to the Temple of Fame."

The mention of this work of art reminds me to speak of our wall decorations. These were entirely the contributions of my several chums, and were all characteristic. In Senior year they consisted of Barlow's foils and boxing-gloves, photos of favorite actresses and of the crew and the nine, colored lithographs of celebrated American trotters, etc. In Freshman year they were mostly worsted wall-baskets and slipper-cases,

embroidered pen-wipers, watch-pockets in bead-work, and other creations of the needle furnished by female adherents of my chum who dwelt in the remote wild West. In Sophomore year only had we been really æsthetic, Rushton having produced from his trunk and hung upon the wall a number of pictures, mostly without frames, —a circumstance which, he said, was high-toned and gave them an air of the artist's studio. One of these was a photographic copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration." Another was a small black oil, invisible save in a strong light, when it yielded a dim human form doing something with a wine-glass. This, Rushton said, was "The Wine-Taster," a genuine

Smith. And when I complained that it was impossible to see it, he explained that that was design. "Don't you notice the dank cellar-light?" he asked; "how wonderfully the subterranean effect is rendered?"

When we came to break up housekeeping at the end of Senior year, we found the process a simple one. Such of our effects as were salable we sold to the Irishwomen who go about the colleges picking up bargains a week or two before Commencement — when the elms are so bestuck with parti-colored furniture advertisements that they seem to have on ragged and patched stockings to the knee. What was unsalable we abandoned to the sweeps. I remember my last

night in the dismantled room, where the slanting bedstead and debilitated chairs stood about confusedly on the bare floor. It was the evening of Presentation Day. The class histories had been read, the ivy planted, the parting ode sung. The class had marched around with the band, cheering each of the old buildings in turn, and had then broken ranks forever. I had taken supper with my chum, and bidden him good-by at the station, being about to leave myself on the following morning. The entry was quite deserted when I climbed the staircase to our room. I had no lamp, so I lit a cigar, and, sitting down in the dark, by the open window, listened to the din of the summer insects

and the rustle of the breeze in the elms. The crowd of the afternoon had dispersed, and the yard was quite still. Most of the underclassmen had gone away some days before, and only a few lights glimmered along the college row. At the formal leave-taking in Alumni Hall, where many of the fellows had been "all broke up," I had felt no emotion; and my chum and myself had agreed, in talking it over at supper, that the ceremony was not in good taste. One is always apt to resent a set occasion for grief and to refuse to honor any such draft on the feelings, just as one takes a perverse pleasure in declining to be impressed to order by a famous landscape or picture or cathedral. The soul

must take its own time. But now, as I sat alone in the deserted room and realized that a pleasant chapter of life was closed, that youth was over and friends were gone, and that I must put forth on the morrow from the green shelter of Alma Mater, I discovered that I had struck deeper roots in the life of the last four years than I had even suspected.

It suited our mood to talk lightly of many things in those ancient times. In our view of one another we affected a certain humorous exaggeration, which I have here tried to reproduce. Young men of our race have a wholesome shame of making a fuss about their deeper feelings. "We never," says Thoreau, "exchange more

than three words with a friend in our lives on that level to which our thoughts and feelings almost habitually rise. One goes forth prepared to say, 'Sweet friends,' and the salutation is, 'Damn your eyes!'" It should not, therefore, be thought that the prevailing attitude among us was one of levity. In college life and friendships, under a mask of reserve there is much of true sentiment, and even of romance. The freshness of hope and the stir of newly awakened thought shed a glamour over what would otherwise be a dull routine.

"'Tis the May light
That crimsons all the quiet college gloom."

In later life our friendships become worldlier. We distrust

our impulses, and accept the conventional estimates of men; respecting success, cultivating those who may advantage us, forming business connections. We learn, too, a larger charity, and discover good in people whom we once thought intolerable. We discipline our instincts, teaching them to like here and dislike there. But alas for the unconsidering, unhesitating scorn or enthusiasm of our college days, when everyone was either "a perfectly bully fellow" or else "a beastly pill!"

EATING-CLUBS.

IF a varied and painful experience entitles one to speak, I may reckon myself an authority in this branch of the curriculum. I have eaten, or striven to eat, at fourteen different mangers in the City of Elms. There are houses in many streets which I cannot pass even now without a feeling of indigestion.

My initiation into college eating-clubs happened in the fall of 1865, in my Freshman year. Our first steward was a man who had been reared

on the sandiest part of Long Island. He sailed over to college in an oyster sharpie, and, having lived mainly on codfish, his notions of a bill of fare were colored by early prejudice. On our breakfast table the succulent fishball—of commerce—alternated with "picked-up" codfish. For dinner the cod was sometimes boiled and sometimes it was baked and stuffed, thus giving a cheerful variety to the *menu*.

Our steward, as we afterward learned, was a poet. He had written an epic in numerous cantos, the manuscript of which nearly filled his trunk. He read selections from it to a member of the club, who reported it as containing a description of Aurora driving

her steeds up the eastern sky. He never showed me this poem, but one evening he came into my room with a rolling eye and asked me to suggest the name of some bird in two syllables, with the accent on the first syllable. He wanted it for a description of evening, thus:

> The dew-drops drip, the moon is dim,
> The flits from limb to limb.

It must be a bird of nocturnal habits, and he sternly rejected "swallow," "blue-jay," and several others which I proposed, as untrue to the ornithological requirements of the case. My chum then suggested "owl," as being beyond all question a bird of night, and explained that it might

be stretched into two syllables for the nonce, so as to be pronounced "owel." The poet doubted whether poetic license could extend so far; besides, he had already used "owl" in a previous stanza. Finally, I said that I knew of one bird which might answer—to wit, the night-hawk. I was not certain whether it was accustomed to flit from limb to limb, but I knew that it flew up into the sky at twilight, and then opening its mouth, dropped down about forty feet, producing a booming sound which was highly impressive. But he shook his head sadly as he left the room, saying that he was afraid he could not get all that into the stanza without altering several lines, which would

cause him a great deal of labor.

We wished that the dinners which the poet provided for us might display a bolder imagination than they did; but at the end of three weeks he announced that he was losing money, and the club disbanded. He himself fled over the wan water to his island home, but left behind him an immortal fame; for it was he who, in Horace recitation, translated that passage in "Ad Fontem Bandusiæ"—

amabile
Fessis vomere tauris—

as "a pleasing place for the tired bullocks to vomit."

One of the members of this club came from the anthracite

regions of Pennsylvania. He ate with his knife, and his grammar was none of the best. My chum, who was a fastidious man, was made unhappy by his presence at the table. He always spoke of him to me as "the coal-heaver," and sometimes he would correct his English, saying, "Plum, in my country we pronounce that word *calm*—not *cam*"; or, "Plum, in good society the past tense of the verb *see* is usually *saw*—not *seen*." At last the coal-heaver threatened to punch my chum's head, and the latter withdrew from the club a week before it broke up. At the end of Freshman year he even withdrew from college altogether, and sought the more congenial soil of Harvard. He

really could not stay at Yale any longer and preserve his self-respect. At Junior exhibition, he asserted, one of the speakers had said "tremenjus," and yet the audience had remained quietly in their seats. What would Dr. Holmes have said to this?

In Junior year, when my division-officer told me I had sixty-four marks, and urged my temporary retirement from New Haven, I took occasion to visit my quondam chum at Cambridge. He and his friends were very hospitable, and kindly did everything to make my stay pleasant. At the club where he boarded, the young gentlemen addressed each other not as "Skinny" or "Lippus," nor even as "Tom" or "Dick,"

but more politely, as "Thomas" and "Richard." I asked my chum whether sometimes in the lonely watches of the night, when he lay awake and communed with his soul, he did not regret having exchanged the freedom of Yale manners for a state of society where fellows said "demme!" when they wanted to swear, and where they called one another by the unabbreviated names which their sponsors did give them in baptism.

But he answered, "No; certainly not. Thebes," he said:

> "Thebes did his raw, unknowing youth engage:
> He chooses Athens in his riper age."

And he alluded sadly to the coal-heaver as a representative Yale man.

I next joined a club where my *sodales* were mostly Andover boys. The place of our sufferings was a house at the corner of High and Elm streets, where the Peabody now stands. "The great university has since planted its stone foot over all that region." The house was famous in tradition as the spot where the Crocodile Club used to feed, one of whose members shot the fireman in '58, as is duly set forth in that graceful work of fiction, "Four Years at Yale." But in our Freshman year the building was mainly noted as the headquarters of Bill Henderson's faction—our member from Kentucky, who had rooms upstairs.

Bill's apartment was like the bothie of a Highland chief.

During the day there were seldom less than a dozen of his clan on hand, and at night about six retainers slept on different parts of the floor or furniture. The great Southwest was largely represented. There were T., the Texan ranger, and B., the bushwhacker of Boone County, who fell—alas! too early lost—in the grand rush by Trinity Church, besides many others from the border States to the Gulf. Some of these gentlemen had fought in the late unpleasantness on the Union side, and some on the Confederate; but in Bill's room they met on common ground to play auction pitch for banana stakes, and to talk over those college politics in which the comparatively unim-

portant issues of the Civil War were forgotten. It was here that the great coalition was hatched between Psi Upsilon and Alpha Delta Phi, which convulsed the class for several terms.

A flavor of old rye pervaded the air. If you sat down anywhere, you sat on a pipe, a "pony," or a pack of cards. It was always a mystery how or when the frequenters of Bill's learned their lessons; and, to do them justice, they seldom did. There was an air of infinite leisure till someone happening to look at his watch would say, "By thunder, boys, it's ten minutes to recitation!" Then the cards would be thrown on the floor, Bulger would cease his strumming on

the banjo, and a general cry would go up, "Where's my pony?" And there would be a scattering to various rooms in the neighborhood in search of someone to read out the lesson.

The Andover club proving too expensive, I next resorted to "Swish's," a huge hash-house, or *Theologischer Freitisch*, where the impecunious Theolog jostled the impecunious Freshman. A chief dish here was liver, from which the club was nicknamed the "livery stable." The tables were long and crowded, and it was with a painful anxiety that we at the lower end watched the slow progress down the board of the maiden who came bearing the plate of

hot breakfast cakes in that too, too brief interval between the first and second prayer-bells. Our steward was a medical student who was playfully called the Unjust Steward, or sometimes the Knave of Clubs. He is now no more; and I can say, without one revengeful thought, "Peace to his hashes!"

About this time I heard that a club was being formed on an economical plan, designed to furnish good plain board, without desserts of pastry and such flummery. I threw in my fortunes with the reformers. The purveyor's name was not Sardine, but he was so called by the irreverent, who also spoke of the club as "the sardine box." Our diet here would

have pleased Dr. Graham or Mr. Bronson Alcott. Cracked wheat and other kinds of chicken feed abounded. Flesh appeared mostly in the somewhat indirect forms of bologna sausage and mutton broth. The home of the club was a cellar in College Street, and the scene at meal times is not inaptly described in Sydney Smith's picture of Rogers' dinner party—"Darkness and gnashing of teeth."

Perhaps it was due to the area of depression in which our dining room was situated that there was so little conversation at this club. The silence was broken only by a person from Vermont, who called out now and then, "Parse the sweet'nin'." My right-hand neighbor

was a man of fierce and gloomy temperament, and, as he walked back to college after dinner, he used to revile the fare most bitterly. He called the club a cracker club, and the basement dining room he spoke of as "that blank cracker hole," and he threatened to leave. I was constrained to admit that the cracker played too large a part in our repasts. But my left-hand neighbor, who had served in the army, took the military view of the situation. He said, "Fatwood, you talk like a man with wooden teeth. We've agreed to try this experiment of a mess at four dollars and thirty cents a week, and you ought to stick to the flag and not back out, at least before the close of the term."

"You take that ground," retorted Fatwood, "because Sardine is a Gamma Nu man. It's a Gamma Nu hole, anyway. Just look at the crowd, will you? B. and I are the only Sigma Eps men in it."

(I ought to explain that Gamma Nu and Sigma Epsilon were rival debating societies of Freshman year. I am told that they no longer exist. I hope that they did not die without first settling the question, "Whether the Indian or the negro had suffered most at the hands of the white man.")

One by one the members of the cracker club paid their bills like the Arabs, and silently stole away. The Major remained, like Casabianca, at the post of duty whence all but

him had fled—all but him and the steward. He confided to me afterward that his hunger during the last week or two was awful.

In Sophomore year a few of us embarked upon the enterprise of a select club which should give really good board at a moderate price. The steward was enthusiastic. He knew it could be done. He showed us figures which proved that the club could be run in such a way as to enrich the landlady without either starving or impoverishing the boarders. We were young and sanguine, and we tried the experiment. We called our club, somewhat boastfully, "The House of Lords," — a title which looked swell in the *Yale*

Banner. At the end of three weeks the steward broke his leg, and was put to bed in the room next to our dining room, where his groans made an appetizing accompaniment to the meals. We resolved to go on with the club notwithstanding, taking the stewardship turn and turn about. At the end of the term we cast up accounts, and found that we were ruined. By this time the steward had recovered the use of his limbs, and wanted us to continue the experiment. He explained to us why it had failed hitherto and why under his management it was sure to succeed in the future. But we had had enough of it.

From the House of Lords I fell to the Commons. Here I

found a strangely mixed company. Most of the patients had gone there, like myself, out of premeditated poverty; but others were there as in a sort of purgatory, doing penance for the extravagances of first term and hoping to get out again as soon as the governor should send a check. Nu Tau Phi bummers were there, ex-members of the "Pie Club," or of the "Twelve Apostles," who had wasted their substance at poker or at Eli's billiard tables, or who, having bet on the Yale crew at Worcester, had borrowed large sums to pay up with and were now living on the interest of their debts. They generally held out but a few weeks at the Commons, where the only thing eatable or

drinkable was the milk. And finally this began to taste of onions. I inquired of my neighbor—a philosopher who had long frequented the Commons—why this was thus, and he told me that the cows in certain swampy pastures ate greedily of a species of wild garlic. He mentioned that the botanical name of this interesting vegetable was *Allium vineale;* and he added that he had become, through use and wont, rather fond of a slight flavor of onion in his milk.

My distinguished classmate the author of "Four Years at Yale," and formerly the first pen in Philately on the American continent, lodged nearly opposite the college Commons, and he used to allege—with that ex-

aggeration which is said to be the characteristic of American humor—that every day, after dinner, ambulances drove up to the Commons door to take away the boarders who were weak from hunger and unable to walk.*

In Junior year a number of us made up a table for German conversation and boarded with Herr Deining—a name pleasantly suggestive of the twofold object of the club. To stimulate ourselves to the acquirement of the foreign tongue in question, we made a rule that whoever spoke English at table should pay a fine of five cents a

* "Triennial Pome":

"The other evening, just when tea is o'er
And ambulances crowd the Commons door," etc.

word. In consequence of this a profound stillness reigned, broken only by such colloquial idioms as, "Wollen Sie noch ein Stückchen Fleisch, Herr C.?" or, "Bitt' um das Brod, Herr D." We called ourselves "Die Junggesellen," which was generally interpreted by our classmates as "The Young Gazelles." If few of us acquired a taste for our host's *Kartoffel-salad* and *Apfel-kuchen*, we were at any rate grateful to him forasmuch as he never employed his carving-knife as a toothpick—a thing that actually happened at another German club that I knew of.

The last college eating-club that I belonged to was the "Water Club," formed in third

term Senior. The name referred, not to the club's temperance principles, but to its chief article of food. Other dishes than water did appear on the table, but were seldom disturbed. This was an economical arrangement for the landlady, who was thereby enabled to put the same roast before us on several successive days. It was apropos of such a reappearance that Cheir the Great used to say to the waiter, "This dinner has been eaten once. Take it away! take it away!" Cheir was the autocrat of our breakfast table—a portly swell, with a striking likeness to George IV. He afterward became a ritualist minister, and was known as the "wickedest theolog." As such he used to wear

a high clerical vest, buttoning to the throat, and he would recommend the fashion to his friends, saying, " Perfectly bully thing to save wash bills. Don't have to wear any shirt. Just button your collar on a wart on your neck, and everyone thinks you've got a shirt on."

The mention of Cheir reminds me of the conversation at our club tables. It was very bad. The undergraduate newspapers—which kindly help the Faculty to carry on the college—had a stereotyped editorial on this subject. They attributed the poor quality of college table talk to the marking system. Perhaps it was the marking system, but at the clubs where I boarded any allusion

to the "curric" was promptly resented with cries of "Fen shop! Fen shop!"* The Gamma Nu club, composed of "digs," was in some sort an exception; but even there the references to the intellectual occupations of student life seldom took a higher flight than, "They say Smith is ahead for the Valedictory: Brown has made two flunks this term." Or, "Do you feel good to-night? made three rushes to-day? Awful tough lesson in spherics for to-morrow," etc.

At many of the clubs the favorite talk was of the nature of "gags," so called. For example, A., glancing over the

* *I. e.*, I defend or forbid (French *défendre*), as in the game of marbles, "Fen ebbs!" or "Fen drops!"

morning paper at breakfast, would say to B., his fellow-conspirator, "Queer thing about that man in Hartford."

On which B., assisting in the plot, would ask, "What man?"

Whereto A. would reply, "Why, that man that's been lying two days in the street, and the Catholics won't let him be buried."

Upon which C., an unwary third party, would inquire, "*Why* won't they let him be buried?"

A.: "Because he isn't dead."

Omnes (gleefully): "Gag on C.! Sold again, C.! Drinks for the crowd."

C.: "Not at all a gag! not at all! He said 'that *dead* man'; leave it to anybody if he didn't say *dead* man."

And the rest of the meal-time would be taken up by discussions as to whether the gag had been fairly "got" on C. or not.

Another common diversion was to hunt up and bring in "fat words," as they were called. A., for example, would begin, "I came across an awfully fat word this morning—*scrannel.*"

At this, many voices would cry, "*Scrannel!* Scrannel isn't fat; scrannel is old."

A.: "Well, what does it mean, then? Come now, what does it mean? Bet you a dollar you never saw it before."

"Bet you five dollars I've seen it a dozen times," shout several.

A.: "Now, there's where I've got you. It doesn't occur a

dozen times in the English language; it's an *ἅπαξ λεγόμενον*."

Chorus: "Bet you on that! Bet you you don't know what an *ἅπαξ λεγόμενον* is."

And one rival philologist is heard above the din, proclaiming, "No, no: scrannel isn't fat, but here's a fat one: *bisson—bisson* rheum."

"Bisson be d——d!" retorts A.; and so it goes on.

One of our number, whom we called Nestor by reason of his great age, used to remonstrate against this sort of thing. "Come now, fellows," he would say, "what kind of talk is this for educated gentlemen? Why can't we have some really improving conversation, instead of such rot?"

It is perhaps needless to say that this venerable man became at once the favorite target for gags. And, whenever the fire of small-talk languished, someone would say, "Nestor, start some interesting and profitable topic of conversation."

Food and manners at college tables have both, I doubt not, greatly ameliorated with the progress of civilization in the university. One need not be precisely the oldest living graduate, nor even have reached that hoary eld which entitles the alumnus to "reminisce" at Commencement dinners, in order to recognize the change. Some of us who are beginning, as Harry Brown used to say, to "brush our foreheads over our back hair," are old enough to con-

trast the present luxuries of undergraduate life with the hardships that we bore in the consulship of Plancus. I question whether this generation of students can even conceive of the hardness and steep pitch of the seats in the old chapel. There were no steam heaters, no water, no gas in our dormitories. The yearly arson of the North coal-yard was felt to be an all too slight revenge on the authorities for the discomforts that we endured.

Many a winter midnight, when the lights were out in the college row and Orion possessed the zenith, I have filled my earthen water-jug at the wooden pump behind old Divinity, when the ground about that classic fountain was like an Alpine

glacier of uncommon steepness, while the aërometer on top of Alumni Hall uttered a low, monotonous note, as though the spirit of some old chapel organist were experimenting on the bass stop of his ghostly instrument.

And how well I remember our Sophomore room on the ground floor of North College! The entry was like the cavern of the winds. All night long the big hall-doors slammed to and fro and shook the building. And every Tuesday about 1 A. M., the D. K. E. Society did us the honor to tramp through the entry in solid phalanx, shouting an emphatic chorus which began, "*Rip!* slap! here we are again!" ("Yes, d——n you! there you

are again!" my chum would say with a groan), and waking the echo that lived between the Treasury and the windows of our bedroom. Often in the morning, when we opened our door, there would tumble into the room a tall snow-drift which had piled up during the night on the brick floor of the hall-way.

Now the floor is of wood, the New Zealander ponders over the ruins of South Pump, and nothing is left for the lover of the past but to mourn the lost simplicity of college life and to breathe a hope that the voluptuous fare of the New Haven House or the University Club may not unfit the Senior for that wrestle with New York boarding-houses which certainly

awaits him when he graduates and joins the innumerable caravan that moves to the Columbia Law School—the common goal of all Yalensians.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF AN UNDERGRADUATE.

FEBRUARY 2, 18—.

THE physics lectures this term are very interesting. This morning the lecturer happened to select the sunny-haired Xanthus as the *corpus vile* of his electrical experiments. The victim mounted the glass-legged insulating stool with a confident grin, but when the battery got in its work on him, his expression changed. His rich auburn mat stood up on end in a circular aureole, under which his convulsed and livid features

showed like the face of a pre-Raphaelite saint against a nimbus of old-gold. The professor smiled, and even the ranks of Tuscany—the red-heads of the Third Division, known in history as "The Old Brick Row"—could scarce forbear to cheer.

But the bottle which was to have been exhausted of air, and then crushed by the pressure of the outside atmosphere, had some flaw in it. It wouldn't crush. The lecturer and his colored assistant relieved each other in vain at the air pump. Bets were freely laid—in whispers—with odds in favor of the bottle. At last the harrowing struggle was abandoned. Hudson—who is not devoid of a certain sprightliness—was afterward heard to

say that the receiver was less exhausted than the darky. Beverley—to whom nothing human is alien—lingered after the lecture, and asked the professor whether this experiment was designed to illustrate the strength of materials. He also expressed sympathy with the assistant. He found the latter to be a practical philosopher, who regarded his chief's methods of breaking glass as needlessly indirect.

"Break 'em easy 'nough, take a hatchet," was his comment.

"Formerly a boy was used," said the lecturer, in explaining the self-adjusting valve of the steam engine, and his countenance wore a pitying smile at the rudeness of the contriv-

ance. But on going to my room after the lecture, I was annoyed to find one of those obsolete pieces of machinery waiting for me at the door with a tailor's bill. How much more delicate and impersonal would have been a simple, self-adjusting valve, with bill attached, hanging from the door-knob!

FEBRUARY 17.

Attended the afternoon lecture on the metric system of weights and measures, and made the following entry (original) in my notebook: "There is no use in trying to bring home the metric system to the great heart of the people, until our proverbs and even our English classics have been amended in

the interest of the reform, thus:

A miss is as good as a kilometer (approximate).

A gram of prevention is worth a decagram of cure.

"Aye, every centimeter a king!"—*Lear.*

FEBRUARY 22.

The birthday of George Washington! Watson told me that it was rumored in well-informed circles that Higginson had this morning unearthed again the fur cap with a knob on top which he used to wear at the Grammar School, and subsequently here through his first winter. Calling at Higginson's room last Tuesday, I found his chum and a few sympathizing friends sitting around the grate and feeding the flames with a collection of

Higginson's head-gear. I saw them burn:

1st. The green plaid cap with patent-leather frontispiece.

2d. The black cloth hat with exposed wire rim, which gave so much offense in Sophomore year.

3d. The felt "Monitor" with the hole in the apex, through which the sunlight twinkled.

But the fur cap was not among them, and there is too much ground for the fear that it escaped the holocaust, and that Watson's information is true.

MARCH 4.

There is some excitement over the suspension of Punderson, the class poet. The fellows have been in the habit of

sending him little pencil notes in recitation, begging for odes, etc., to while away the tedium of the hour. G. Horne was especially importunate in these requests. Finally, to him too much demanding, the odist, after a short frenzy on the front bench, returned the following answer, written on a blank leaf torn from his text-book:

TO MÆCENAS.

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget *Apollo.*

G. Horne, you seem to think, by ——,
That Homer doesn't ever nod.
You'll find, if once your hand you try,
That writing endless poetry
*'s Not half so easy as you think.
It needs good † smear, cigars, and drink
To get a high-toned frenzy up:
The Muse is dull without the cup.

* *Cf.* Horace. . . *uxorius amnis.*

† *Academice*—food.

Who eats at Commons Club his dinner
Will find his wit grow thin and thinner.
Mæcenas, set 'em * upward straight,
Or for your odes in vain you'll wait.

The eagle eye of the instructor lit on this manuscript gem as it was passing from hand to hand along the benches toward G. Horne. He arrested it and read it. Its sentiments and language were both too improper to be overlooked, and Punderson is now absent temporarily from these shades.

APRIL 7.

Father writes that he is glad I am keeping a diary. He says it is a valuable habit, and good practice in writing. I am to bring it home vacations and show it to him, that he may see

* *Pocula largiter superposuit.*

what reflections are suggested to me by the studies of the college course, etc. *Mem.*—Brace on reflections. To-day Watson tells me another painful rumor is in circulation about Higginson. It is said that his watch has come back. It is a pewter bull's-eye, about the size of a warming-pan, and with several coats, like an onion. He can do all sorts of tricks with it. He can strip off the outer peels and throw the nucleus around the room without hurting it. He can touch it off in some way, with a buzz, and it will do the twenty-four hours inside a minute. It was always at the blacksmith's, however,—no watchmaker would touch it,—being repaired; and Watson says it costs Higginson more to

keep it than it would to keep a horse. Fellows that H. owed money to were relieved to hear that he lost it at Forepaugh's menagerie last week. But it seems that he advertised it, and it was returned by a heavy man with a large foot, who had trodden on it before picking it up. It was quite flat when brought back, but Higginson paid the man a liberal reward, and is having it hammered back into shape.

APRIL 10.

To-day being Saturday, I was going to attend a cocking-main given by Hudson in the attic of North College, but it failed to come off. Hudson had bought four birds from Epaphroditus, the negro costermonger —the same one who was hired

for five dollars by some of the fellows in Sophomore year to have an epileptic fit in the gallery of Music Hall during a temperance lecture, and was carried out howling and foaming at the mouth. The birds were secured two days in advance, and were put in Hudson's coal-closet; where, in the words of Daniel Pratt,

> "The light of day
> Shines but seldom, or not at all,
> On the course of the awful water-fall."

It was feared that the dark might impair their gameness, and so they were removed to the garret yesterday afternoon. But one of them, which was thin, squeezed out of the coop, and appeared this morning at the attic window, where it

crowed repeatedly and attracted the notice of the authorities, who confiscated the whole plant.

APRIL 13.

Forensic disputations this morning. A good grind on Featherstone! He had furnished a forensic to Rosenberg, whose invention is not fertile. When Rosy meekly read it through with that sweet Pennsylvania accent which secured him in Freshman year the nickname "White-ăммed Nausicăă," the affable Professor of Belles Lettres remarked, "You didn't pay much for that, did you?"

APRIL 15.

Linonia prize debate this evening. I went in to hear Watson speak his little piece.

He had read parts of it to me beforehand, and I told him he was cock-sure of first prize. The question was, "Are penal colonies justifiable?" and there were some very luscious passages in Watson's speech, in which he called Botany Bay a loathsome plague spot, a cesspool, a seething caldron of vice and a mass of festering corruption. He took only a third prize, but the fellows, most of them, thought he ought to have had the first. His language was certainly very strong.

Yesterday morning Watson was rehearsing his piece in his room. In the midst of a beautiful description of Russian convicts passing through the Ural Mountains, one of his gestures upset the water-pan on the

stove and spilled its contents over the feet of his chum, Dempster, who was smoking near by. The latter has since remained in his room, with bandaged feet, and Watson carries his meals to him from the club. I was telling Higginson about the accident this A. M., but he smiled knowingly and said:

"Do you really imagine that the water was hot? I have sat on Watson's stove half an hour at a time without singeing my pantaloons, and watched the low-spirited thermometer in the corner trying to climb up to 65°. No; Dempster's feet are not scalded. It is all a ruse to get up a reputation for the stove, which they are trying to sell. Observe the ostentatious

manner in which Watson carries the meals. It is done to provoke inquiry."

I told Watson this afternoon what Higginson had said, and he answered :

" Higginson is embittered by my exposure of his watch and his bad hats, and is, therefore, not to be trusted. If you doubt me, come and sit on the stove yourself."

APRIL 18.

The financial panic in the class has passed its crisis. Last term the little busy B. compiled an " Index to the Yale Literary Magazine," which he foisted upon a reluctant public at fifty cents a copy, exacting payment in advance of publication. Pending the appearance of this

valuable guide to the treasures of genius buried in the *Li.*, each subscriber received a ticket entitling the holder to one copy of the "Index" as soon as it should be issued. These choses in action, being negotiable, got into circulation in the class, and were used in the payment of debts and otherwise. They began to depreciate rapidly, and were finally bought up by one speculator, and employed as poker chips by the gamblers of South College, being redeemed at eleven cents apiece, or twenty-two per cent., on their face value. The *Courant* now asserts that B. is trying to bull the market by threatening to issue a limited edition of the "Index" and retain five hundred copies for his own use.

APRIL 23.

Spring vacation to-morrow. Have been packing my trunk all the afternoon. I think, on the whole, I won't take this diary home, but will give father my reflections on the studies of the term, etc., orally.

MAY 17.

Last night I was initiated into the Red Letter Club—nicknamed by outsiders "The Dead Letter Club." Father wrote last week, giving his consent to my joining the club. He objects to the Greek letter societies as frivolous and a waste of time; but he cordially approved my entering an association whose object is defined by the constitution—a noble instrument—as "the cul-

ture of the mind and the mutual improvement of the members, socially, intellectually, and morally."

The meetings are held at Mrs. Bruno's alehouse, a place not as unspotted of the world as the President's lecture room, but very respectable—for an alehouse. I was told to report there at 8 P. M. On entering the taproom I was a little in doubt, as there was no one there but the usual barkeeper, with red face and blue mustache. I asked him if this was Mrs. Bruno's, and he answered with that indirectness which I have noticed in barkeepers (and which is singularly like the responses in the Greek tragic dialogue):

"Wal, Bruno's the name on the signboard, I guess."

At this moment Hudson, who is president of the club, heard my voice, and opening an inner door, beckoned me into the snuggery. All the members were present except Watson, who came in late and was fined fifty cents. I signed my name to the constitution, and took an iron-clad oath to support it to the bloody end. There were some Babylonish red curtains at the window, which lent a cheerful air to the scene, but my feelings were outraged by the mural decorations—a green and yellow lithograph of the Prodigal Son and a chromo of the Good Samaritan pouring arnica into the wounds of the man who fell among thieves.

Dempster opened the literary

exercises by reading an essay on life insurance. He was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause. Impatient and critical spirits solaced themselves during the reading by munching the soothing almond and raisin. But he was followed by Higginson, who told from memory De Quincey's story of the "Spanish Nun," an affliction which lasted an hour and a half, and which neither sweetmeats nor stimulants could mitigate. A contribution was then read from the Harvard Chapter, of which I obtained a copy:

HORATIAN DIALOGUE.

LEWIS.

Walter, about your room you often tell,
To talk about your pictures never cease;
But in one thing you'll own that I excel—
I have a cattle piece.

WALTER.

Lewis, in vain you try to shake my mind
By saying this thing, which you hope is new.
Unreasoning boaster, ignorant and blind,
I have one, too !

LEWIS.

My cattle lie upon a gentle hill,
And calmly gaze into the distant west,
While the low sun shines on each glistening rill,
And sinks to rest.

WALTER.

Mine proudly stand upon the mountain turf,
And view with wondering eyes the landscape wide,
Silently listening to the tumbling surf
On far-off ocean side.

LEWIS.

From this vain striving now let each one cease ;
This much I own, your cattle piece *is* fine.

WALTER.

Well said, O friend: praise you your cattle piece,
And I'll praise mine.

The MSS. are filed away in a red box, labeled "Veal Cutlets." A Hebe with a *retroussé* nose then brought in the Welsh rabbits. They were a little too Welsh for me, and were made of what our Sheffield member called "granulated" cheese. Not wishing to be unfaithful to the traditions of the club, I ate a rabbit and a half, and experienced the most deplorable consequences afterward. Nor were the entire resources of modern science applied to the ventilation of the oyster pie which followed. Watson informed me that they once had a roast duck, but the strain on

the resources of Mrs. Bruno's *cuisine* had been awful. The wine was an offense to taste—a North Carolina product known as "Scuppernong."

The members of the club then had the opportunity of enjoying that inestimable privilege—the right of suffrage—in balloting for officers for the ensuing year. The result was announced amid the wildest enthusiasm, and the idols of popular favor received their honors in the customary blushing manner.

I have written to father for the initiation fee (ten dollars), saying that the exercises of the club are of a most profitable character, and that I feel my mind already greatly improved.

OCTOBER 13.

Rushton has been absent from the class this term. Some of the fellows saw him the other day in the lower part of the town, dragging a small go-cart, full of packages. He explained that so many horses were down with the epizoötic, that merchants had to hire men to deliver parcels. So he had become a horse, and he said there was more money in it than in being a Greek pony, at fifty cents an hour, or writing compositions on "The Law of Decay in Nations," at two dollars apiece, for men in the third division. He will not return to college so long as his job holds out to burn.

OCTOBER 22.

Another good man gone! This time it is Gudgeon, the Caliban with a pink beard, who was imported last year from somewhere in Boone County by Henderson. Henderson has always been rather anxious about him. When he first came up to be examined, he was afraid that he might get mad and lick some of the examiners if they asked him too many questions. He said that Gudgeon was a Southern boy, and could cut and shoot, and wouldn't stand any bigod nonsense.

It seems that Gudgeon and some others had been down town, and came into the yard about 11 P. M. feeling quite racy. They made such happy

noises that Barlow, who was studying Conics in his room in North Middle, opened his window and yelled out, "Get me so; I want to be so." This woke Tutor Divitiacus—known as old Privative Entity—who watched the subsequent proceedings with interest.

The crowd then went down to the fence, and, seeing a light in Tuckerman's shop across the street, they began to sing a variation of the well known German cradle song, "Schlaf, Kindele, Schlaf."

"Sleep, Tuckerman, sleep! Sleep, Tuckerman, sleep!
Your oil and your chimneys will do very well;
Your matches won't light if you stick 'em in ——
"Sleep," etc.

The words are by Higginson, whose big astral lamp—which he calls Pharos—drinks so much oil and breaks so many chimneys that he is dreadfully in debt to Tuckerman. Tuckerman lately refused him any further credit, so Higginson wrote this song for revenge, and has trained a quartette to sing it.

Pretty soon Tuckerman's light went out, and all the fellows went off to bed except Gudgeon and Nimrod.

The ironmonger opposite South College uses his front yard to advertise his wares. On the door-steps is a pair of "portal-warding lion-whelps." On one side of the walk is a deer with liver-colored mottlings, and on the other a realistic Newfoundland dog. In the

center of the right-hand grass plot is a bathukolpos sphinx on a pedestal, and in the centre of the left-hand plot an ornamented fountain with gold-fish. On the edge of the basin squats a large green frog. This is the third of the family, two predecessors having been stolen by Nimrod for memorabil. To guard against further losses, the ironmonger had had this one riveted to the fountain by a spike driven through its body. But this fact was unknown to Gudgeon. Nimrod was telling him, as they sat on the fence, of his capture of the two previous frogs, which he offered to show him if he would come to his room over the Old Chapel some day, and look over his collection.

The tale fired Gudgeon to emulation. With a wild Boone County whoop, he ran across the street, vaulted the (iron) fence and strove to tear the reptile from its moorings. But the frog—like him of Calaveras County — "with fixéd anchor in his scaly rind," refused to budge. Gudgeon tugged and pushed, and his imprecations filled the night. Then, suddenly abandoning his first design, he jumped into the water and chased the gold fish around the basin, clutching at their darting forms in the uncertain gleams of the gas-lights which adorned the iron-monger's gate-posts. It was while he was thus engaged that Tutor Divitiacus and Policeman X. simultaneously,

though not preconcertedly, swooped upon him from opposite sides.

NOVEMBER 8.

Gudgeon's suspension was the subject of our table talk to-day. Punderson, the class poet, produced and read an "Ode to the Frog of the Bandusian Font." It began

"O hapless saurian."

But Watson, who is in the zoölogy elective and has been vivisecting frogs all this term, pointed out to Punderson that he was way off in his natural history; and he changed it accordingly to,

"O hoarse batrachian."

It came out that, on the night after Gudgeon's adventure,

Hudson, who is full of merry conceits, had taken a paint pot and brush and painted two inscriptions on the rim of the fountain, one on each side of the frog; to wit: "Marry come up!" and "The iron hath entered his soul." This had embittered the monger, who complained to the Faculty, and Gudgeon was sacrificed.

Henderson reproached Hud- for thus compromising Gud- geon's case *pendente lite*. But Hudson said he didn't think Gudgeon was much of a loss to the class anyway: he was a very uncultivated man, called his father his "paw," and pro- nounced *does* "dooz." Hen- derson retorted that Hudson was pedantic and narrow- minded, and very small in his

way of judging men. He called him an iota subscript and a microscopic siliceous spiculum of a sponge, and said that Gudgeon might be rough in his ways, but he had a great big soul.

It is reported that Gudgeon is at Stamford, and that he threatens to lick Tutor Divitiacus as soon as his suspension is over.

NOVEMBER 17.

The sensation of the day is the appearance of Higginson in a silk hat with a weed. It is said that G. Horne, who has recently lost an uncle, went down to the hatter's to get a weed put on his hat. Higginson happened to walk down Chapel Street with him, and, arrived at the hatter's, G. Horne

urged him, almost with tears in his eyes, to go inside with him and get a new hat, discarding the cap with a fur button on top, which has made it so painful of late to associate much with Higginson.

"Have some style about you!" implored G. Horne.

"Well, what shall I get?" asked Higginson.

"Get a tall hat, like mine," said G. Horne.

Higginson finally consented, and the hat was bought. The hatter asked G. Horne how wide he wanted his weed. Was he in mourning for a very near relative?

"An uncle," answered G. Horne.

"Then about three inches will be correct," said the hatter.

"Say," struck in Higginson, "I believe you can put a weed on mine, too. It makes a hat look tony."

"Yes, sir," said the hatter: "and what shall I make it?"

"Oh, about an uncle," answered Higginson.

RECREATIONS OF THE RED LETTER CLUB.

AD IULUM ANTONIUM.

Perchance on some Red Letter night,
When snow was softly heaping
Outside upon the window sill
And, o'er our senses creeping,

The sleepy malt, the grate-fire's glow,
That tinged our pipe-smoke rosy
As evening clouds, had made us feel
Particularly cozy ;

I've taken from my pocket's depths
A torn and crumpled paper,
Whereon were traced some idle rhymes,
An idler brain's light vapor ;

And if to these the Letters Red
Listened with kind indulgence,
We'll lay it to that genial malt
And fire-light's soft effulgence.

ANALYTICAL ALGEBRA.

[CONTRIBUTED BY WATSON.]

COMPLAINT is sometimes made that in the teaching given at Yale the æsthetic side of studies is neglected: *e. g.*, that in the reading of Greek and Latin texts, the structure of the language is attended to and the thoughts of the authors disregarded. The complaint seems to me partly just, and in this article I will sketch out a plan by which the study of algebra, for example, might be made not only to sharpen the reason, but to train the critical faculties

and elevate the human soul. Professor Packard once told his class that the curriculum had made no provision for the culture of the imagination. How much might be done in that way, even in pure mathematics, by a proper mode of treatment will be seen perhaps from the following outlines of a course.

A late ingenious writer has tried to show that the false science of alchemy was only a covert way of expressing, by means of a symbolism, truths in moral and political philosophy which it would have been unsafe in the Middle Ages to maintain openly. An analytical study of algebra will develop the fact that, underlying its artificial symbolism, its alphabetical triflings, its obscure, and,

to many, meaningless formulæ, there lies a life-drama of dark and stormy passions—a tale of fate, of crime, of temptation and fall. It will be remembered that the science is of Oriental, of Arabian origin. The Oriental mind takes pleasure in mystic and figurative methods of expression, and it may well be that this method has been taken of preserving, under the forms of a language whose true import is revealed to a few choice spirits in every age, one of that body of legends almost coeval with the race—the folk-lore of the East. It is a tale of the triumph of the strong over the weak; the evil over the good; the tempter over the tempted; the *Mephistopheles* over the *Faust*.

It will be seen that among the various writers who have treated the subject, under some minor differences of style and statement, there is a general agreement as to the relative position of the two central personages of the drama—the characters of A and B. What this relation exactly is, it is impossible to say. It is usually indicated numerically. Sometimes it is expressed in terms of the mysterious and unknown quantity x, which the reader is always requested to find, but which, if found at all (which is rarely the case), resolves itself into some number as baffling to the curiosity as the number of the Beast in Revelation. What light does it shed on x to discover that $x=\frac{2}{3}\frac{5}{7}$, or that

$x = \sqrt{2na}$? Then too x is usually variable, sometimes infinite, not seldom imaginary or absurd. It has indeed been directly asserted that the relation of A to B was as p to p': but what was p? what was p'? The clew to this cipher is certainly far from ascertained.

For these reasons it is advisable in the æsthetic study of algebra to neglect the long pages of statistics or figurative matter which form the bulk of most treatises. They shed no light on our researches. It is only in the problems, or what may be called the letter-press of the work, that we find any consistent and rational statements about A and B. Even here the cautious and singularly non-committal manner of the

historian leaves much untold. Algebra may be called like rhetoric "a science of hints and suggestions"—or better, a science of puzzles and riddles. The sphinxy chronicler makes a guarded statement, and then suddenly asks a question which often seems to have no connection at all with the previous statement. Almost every sentence ends with an interrogation point.

From these materials, however, meager as they are, the following general results may be gained as to the character and relations of A and B. B is the hero of the drama. He seems to be a man of fine feelings, of a generous and social, open and confiding nature, but of a weak will and easily influ-

enced. We find him with a kind of humorous benevolence repeatedly distributing coppers in geometrical progression to the poor. He seems to be the careless and good-humored gentleman referred to by Mr. Todhunter on page 208 of his Algebra. "A gentleman sends a lad into the market to buy a shilling's worth of oranges. The lad having eaten a couple, the gentleman pays at the rate of a penny for fifteen more than the market price," etc. His easy credulity and recklessness seem to have led him into extravagance and folly. We find him speculating in city real estate, investing x dollars in rectangular lots containing m square feet. He seems to have fallen in with the sporting ring

and to have run around islands on a wager—always losing; to have invested in lotteries—always drawing blanks: the chances of his drawing a prize being usually represented as $n : m$—no doubt ridiculously small.

On the other hand A, the *Iago*, the *Mephistopheles*, the devil of the plot, is painted as a man of a secret, reserved and tortuous mind. Contrast the open-hearted, unsuspecting frankness of B with the shuffling evasions of A's answers to the simplest question. Thus A being asked by B how old he is, replies "m times the cube of C's age $= \frac{1}{n}$ of the square root of my own." Whenever A and B are brought into contact, the former is represented

as the superior in mental and bodily strength. In those numerous and mysterious trips which they are perpetually taking between two places distant x miles from each other, A always accomplishes the journey in one m^{th} of the time that B does. A always performs with ease in the incredibly short period of n days that piece of work which the indolent B requires fully m days to complete. At an early period in their history, A seems to have laid B under some dreadful obligation, or to have discovered some terrible secret which places the latter wholly in his power. The power thus obtained he uses with remorseless cruelty. He persuades B to invest his money in partner-

ships where B contributes m dollars to A's n. He extorts hush money from him in sums of 500, 1000, nay, even y dollars! With a fiendish humor, he pretends to regard these installments of blackmail as loans—loans of pure accommodation for t months and at r per cent. interest—of course never paid.

What the secret of this influence was we cannot say. Was there a woman in the case? There is something in the character of C—a personage occasionally introduced—which leads to the suspicion that she was a woman. Thus, on page 474 of Todhunter we are told, "It is 3 to 1 that A speaks truth, 6 to 1 that B does, and 1 to 3 that C does. What is

the probability that an event took place which A asserts to have happened, and which B and C deny?" Three conclusions seem to be justified by this statement:

1. The remarkable natural deceitfulness of C points not doubtfully to her sex.

2. B appears by this time to have become involved in a train of prevarications made necessary perhaps by his attempts to conceal the secret referred to, and to have lost a portion of his natural truthfulness.

> "Oh, what a tangled web we weave
> When first we practice to deceive!"

But even so, his word is more to be trusted than the organic duplicity of A.

3. The above problem seems

to have presented itself to the mind of B while endeavoring to free himself from the toils of A. He reflects whether his own word, coupled with that of C, may outweigh (possibly in a court of justice) the unsupported testimony of A. He is tempted to cast off his thralldom and boldly deny the "event" obscurely alluded to, which can be no other than the terrible, possibly guilty secret which A uses to his destruction.

If any such plan of relief presents itself to his mind, he is too weak to carry it out. He falls more and more hopelessly into the toils, and struggles less and less. The malign influence of A becomes stronger as the drama sweeps to its catastrophe. B invests with increas-

ing recklessness in the lots and lotteries. He probably also takes to drink, for we read of "hogsheads, one of wine and one of beer, with cubical contents as m, n, and exhausted respectively at the rate of x and y quarts per diem."

Toward the close of his melancholy career, A gets him into gambling. It is needless to say that he is no match for the latter. The chapter on "probability" is nothing more or less than an account of his losses at cards and dice to this *Hon. Deuceace.* Thus on page 468, problem 27, "two persons, A and B, engage in a game in which A's skill is to B's as 3 to 2. Find the chance of A's winning at least 3 games out of 5." Sometimes there seems to

be a pool in which several engage—possibly one D, a character who appears but seldom, and seems to be a tool of A's, was present among others. On page 470 we have a description of one of these friendly games. "In a bag are n balls of m colors, p being of the first color, p^2 of the second color . . . pm of the m^{th} color. If the balls be drawn out one by one, what is the chance that all the balls of the first color will be drawn, etc?"

The catastrophe of the drama is shrouded in impenetrable night. What was the fate of A, of B, of C, of all the rest of the alphabet, including old Izzard, "that gray-haired man of glee?" I cannot say: but enough has been done toward resolving the enigma to show how much

would be accomplished by a critical study of algebra in its æsthetic relations, disregarding those tables of meaningless signs and formulæ which are made the sole object of study under the present false, disciplinary system.

"The limits of this introduction," as Mr. Buckle would say, forbid me to do more than indicate how valuable the same method of treatment would be if employed, for instance, on "Arnold's Latin Prose Composition." Balbus, Caius, and even Titus Manlius, the *nobilissimus juvenis*, would be no longer mere pegs to hang instruction upon, but living, breathing souls like the generous, the gentle, but alas! the unhappy and fallen B.

"OUR OWN PERCIVAL."

[CONTRIBUTED BY HUDSON.]

THE rummager among top shelves of old libraries unearths a set of curious fossils belonging to the literary deposits of the earlier half of this century. These are the Annuals, octavos with gilt-edged leaves, and bindings embossed with leaf-and-flower patterns. Their backs are stamped with such titles as the following: "The Gem," "The Token," "The Wreath," "The Casket," "Friendship's Offering," "The Rose of Sharon." Open them; what do you find?

A frontispiece—copperplate—with a veil of tissue paper, behind which languishes "Julia," or simpers "The Nun." A vignette title—vase of roses and convolvuluses; other engravings—"The Sisters"; "Scene on the Hudson"; "The Declaration" (village maid at cottage door; latticed windows; spinning-wheel; wicker bird-cage; woodbine; distant spire; lover in Highland costume).

Then for contents there is an ode by Mrs. Sigourney, perhaps "To a Shred of Linen":

"O shred."

There is a sonnet by Park Benjamin; a sacred poem by N. P. Willis. There are other poems—"Joan of Arc"; "Jephtha's Daughter"; many "Stan-

zas" and "Lines," "Vents to the Heart," or "Leaves from the Volume of Life," all written with much pomp of blank verse and exclamation point by Agnes Strickland, Miss Edgarton, Miss Dodd, and other Misses and Mrses. "nameless here forevermore." They start out with great energy of invocation, as

> "Ay, lady! braid thy jeweled hair,
> And dight thee in thy rich array!"

or of aspiration, as

> "Oh, for the pomp of waters! for the roar
> Of waves infuriate!"

Then, for prose, there are romantic tales: "The Brigand's Daughter"; "The Faithful Page"; "The Bramin's Well";

"The Astrologer"; opening, it may be, with some such passage as this: "It was a large and lofty apartment in the tower of an ancient castle, where the pale astrologer sat among his astral instruments and his heavy tomes alone." *Tome*, by the way, is "nuts" to the Annual writers; no astrologer's library should be without one, and even an alchemist should have a few tomes lying around among his retorts and crucibles. The tome is to the mere book as the "shallop" or "pinnace" is to the prosaic rowboat. I should like to see a shallop, I have read of so many.

Besides the tales, there are moral and instructive pieces, such as "Human Life," or

"Copernicus." Also, short rhapsodies in prose, as thus:

"NIGHT.

"By Henry C. Leonard.

"The sun hath set, and Night comes with her silent step. I behold her sable curtains falling and darkening the scene"——

and so on for a page.

In the preface the modest editor says: "It is hardly becoming in us to allude individually to the contents of this volume. We believe none is without its value. Yet it is difficult to refrain from inviting the attention of the younger portion of our female readers to the character of 'Emma,' so beautifully and truthfully portrayed by the pen of one who

had frequent access to the inner sanctuary of her being."

Dear old silly Annuals! I like their naïve sentimentality, their majestic emptiness, their skin-deep Byronism, their feeble echoes of the mediævalism of Walter Scott, here in Yankee Land, where the well sweep and the chip pile in the back yard had not yet elbowed the ivy-mantled tower out of literature.

It amuses this generation to think that the Annuals were written and read by grown up men and women. The American mind, shrewd enough on the practical side, was, indeed, in the callow stage in the item of taste. Nevertheless, the humble Annuals are a part of our literary history. They led

a center table existence in times when the effusions of "L. E. L." were copied widely into young ladies' albums, and "More Droppings from the Pen that wrote Proverbial Philosophy," continued to dribble on the still unworn stone of popular endurance. The infrequent piano was small but upright (that poor creature, Melodeon, was not, as yet), and it resounded alternately to the songs of Morris and of Moore; to "Near the Lake where Droops the Willow," and to "The Harp that Once thro' Tara's Halls." The sentiments of the former bard were reflected weekly in the *New Mirror*, side by side with the sprightlier fancies of Willis. As for the young gentleman con-

tributors to "The Keepsake" or "The Nosegay," we have seen in Dickinson's ivory miniatures their silk stocks, high-shouldered dress coats, marvelously rosy cheeks, impossible blue eyes, brown hair, and sweet smiles. They gave moonlight serenades on the guitar. The lady contributors wore "mits" on their hands and carried lockets. They affected *brioches* and divans; had not Zuleika a divan to recline on, in her boudoir at Stamboul? To this period belongs Dr. Holmes's

"—Village maid
Who worketh woe in satin,
The graves in green, the grass in black,
The epitaph in Latin."

This was before Mr. Ruskin had taught her better.

I have introduced this men-

tion of the Annuals because they furnish a convenient term to criticism. One of them—"The Gem," Philadelphia, 1842, is on my bookshelves, and Dempster in referring to some verses or other in the magazines (possibly by Dr. Parsons), will often describe them as "gemmy"—a word that connotes much and merits a wider currency. To one that knows the Annuals, for instance, it might be a sufficient criticism of Percival, to say that he is gemmy. Label his poems, "Percivalia: Conn. River Valley; Gemmiferous Period"; and let the curator of our literary Peabody put them away in the appropriate pigeon hole. There, at any rate, they repose, with or without label, in that readerless limbo of

"The Poets of America" haunted by the respectable shade of Mrs. Sigourney. To live an immortality in elegant extracts is even a more unsubstantial existence than to "subsist in bones and be but pyramidally extant." When they gild your covers, prepare your contents for oblivion.

It is not a grateful task to raise the ghost of a dead reputation for the purpose of kicking it. But in Percival's case it would be more fair to say that his reputation has outlived his readers. This must be Professor Lowell's excuse for putting a quietus to him. Lowell's estimate of him seems to me entirely just, and I revive the topic not in order to differ with the critic, but because the lat-

ter's essay (published in "My Study Windows") has provoked much hostile remark in print and out. This was to be expected, as the critic was a Harvard man and the criticised a Yale man. Yale men naturally cherished a regard for Percival's memory, though they may not have taken the trouble to read his verses, and many of them said in their hearts: "We acknowledge that our college has not raised a large crop of rhymers. Her sons have been busy with sterner stuff. Our Quinnipiac runs through pleasanter scenery than their Charles, yet no one has told how it crooks its 'steel-blue sickle' among the meadows. Our boys died as bravely for their country as theirs, but our knightly sol-

diers still await their poet, and meanwhile catch but a reflected ray 'on *their* white shields of expectation.' But even when our Helicon was at its dryest, we consoled ourselves with one name. Was there not our own Percival? At Cambridge no occasion lacks its poet. The class of '29 has a little reunion; straightway some verses in the *Atlantic*. Emerson addresses the Phi Beta Kappa: an ode. Josiah Quincy reaches his 135th birthday; more odes. The air is thick with shuttlecocks of praise, flying from battledore to battledore. Not that we would pull a feather from a single shuttlecock; but why could they not leave us our one little ewe lamb—they of the abundant mutton?"

Since reading the essay in question I have been through Percival—"Prometheus" and all—equipped with a sharpened pencil for the marking of fine passages, and must confess that my marginalia are scanty. His poetry is hectic from first to last. If you want a bit of second-hand Byronism, read "The Suicide." The lines which Lowell quotes from "An Imprecation" can be matched with the concluding stanza of the former piece, directed against a worthy Congregational minister who forbade the poet's addresses to his daughter:

"And thou, arch-moral-murderer! hear
my curse:
Go gorge and wallow in thy priestly
sty!

Than what thou art I cannot wish thee worse:
Then with thy kindred reptiles,* crawl and die."

Lowell has thoroughly disposed of Percival's claims as a lyrical and didactic poet. But the thing which has struck me as especially strange, in reading his verses, is his failure to make his scholarship and his knowledge of nature, which were confessedly great, contribute of their substance to his descriptive poetry. The two lobes of his brain—the scientific lobe and the poetic lobe—appear to have worked independently. His geological reports are the dryest of statistics, and his verse is remarkably unsubstantial and unballasted by facts, allusions,

* Other Congregational ministers?

and concrete images. In taking up the study of botany, geology, and chemistry, it might seem as if he felt the need, as a poet, of putting some healthy, natural ground under his unsteady muse, just as bird-fanciers put bits of turf in their cages for the larks to stand on when they sing. But his poetry remained to the end as subjective as ever, and his nature is as gemmy as anything in the Annuals. What have we to do in Connecticut with groves, founts, cots, ruins, leas, shepherds, zephyrs, bowers, nightingales, myrtles, jessamines, lattices, etc? He found them in Moore and not in New Haven. We have few "groves" in this part of the world, except the haunts of German picknickers.

Instead, we have the native article—woods: oak, chestnut, hickory, birch, growing close, with spindling trunks and branching tops; lower down, dogwood, laurel thickets and white birch brush; lower still, an undergrowth of juniper, ground pine, and the round-leaved smilax. The next time that I go to the woods behind Donald Mitchell's I will look for some "groves," and if I find one, say of century oaks—the trees arranged in vistas, twelve feet apart; their giant boles springing from nice, smooth turf; and deer trooping down the perspective; and if, in a glade of this same grove, I come across a ruined abbey mantled with real English ivy (which has such work to "man-

tle" the north wall of the college library), then I will acknowledge that Percival was a great poet and saw the world with his own eyes.

If there is little truth in his descriptive poetry, still less is there any of that higher, imaginative handling of nature in which the thing seen is chiefly beautiful because of the thing suggested. There is no such analogy in all his verses as in that fancy of Lowell's own, where he speaks of the waves out at sea as appearing to "climb smooth sky-beaches far and sweet."

It is fair to say that a few of Percival's pieces are exceptions to these remarks. "The Coral Grove" and "Seneca Lake" have deservedly obtained a wide

circulation in school readers and books of selections. Lowell's saying, that Percival never wrote a rememberable verse, is not quite true. The line,

"There is a sweetness in woman's decay,"

is a familiar quotation, though the sentiment is characteristically sickly. It may be, too, from some association rather than from any rememberable quality in the verse, but the sight of one of the Litchfield lakes at early morning, or of some copy of Landseer's "Sanctuary," will invariably recall to me the stanza,

"On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break
As down he bears before the gale."

For the rest, Percival's

scholarship was unquestioned. His life, though in some things weak, was free and proud and a protest against Philistinism. New Haveners would not like to lose his picturesque figure from their traditions. Of this, tall and stooping, and wrapped in an "old blue cloak," the eye of fancy may still catch glimpses, passing swiftly and furtively between the college buildings in the dusk.

BIFTEK AUX CHAMPIGNONS.

[CONTRIBUTED BY PUNDERSON.]

MIMI, do you remember—
Don't get behind your fan—
That morning in September
On the cliffs of Grand Manan;
Where to the shock of Fundy
The topmost harebells sway,
(*Campanula rotundi-*
folia : cf. Gray)?

On the pastures high and level,
That overlook the sea,
Where I wondered what the devil
Those little things could be
That Mimi stooped to gather,
As she strolled across the down,
And held her dress skirt rather—
Oh, now, you needn't frown.

For you know the dew was heavy,
And your boots, *I* know, were thin:
So a little extra brevi-
ty in skirts was, sure, no sin.
Besides, who minds a cousin?
First, second, even third—
I've kissed 'em by the dozen,
And they never once demurred.

"If one's allowed to ask it,"
Quoth I, "*ma belle cousine*,
What have you in your basket?"
(Those baskets white and green
The brave Passamaquoddies
Weave out of scented grass,
And sell to tourist bodies
Who through Mt. Desert pass).

You answered, slightly frowning,
"Put down your stupid book—
That everlasting Browning!—
And come and help me look.
Mushroom you spik him English,
I call him *champignon*:
I'll teach you to distinguish
The right kind from the wrong."

There was no fog on Fundy
That blue September day ;
The west wind, for that one day,
Had swept it all away.
The lighthouse glasses twinkled,
The white gulls screamed and flew,
The merry sheep bells tinkled,
The merry breezes blew.

The bayberry aromatic,
The papery immortelles
(That give our grandma's attic
That sentimental smell,
Tied up in little brush-brooms)
Were sweet as new-mown hay,
While we went hunting mushrooms
That blue September day.

In each small juicy dimple
Where turf grew short and thick,
And nibbling teeth of simple
Sheep had browsed it to the quick ;
Where roots or bits of rotten
Wood were strewed, we found a few
Young buttons just begotten
Of morning sun and dew.

And you compared the shiny,
  Soft, creamy skin, that hid
The gills so pink and tiny,
  To your gloves of undressed kid,
While I averred the color
  Of the gills, within their sheath,
Was like—but only duller—
  The rosy palms beneath.

As thus we wandered, sporting
  In idleness of mind,
There came a fearful snorting
  And trampling close behind;
And, with a sudden plunge, I
  Upset the basketful
Of those accursed fungi,
  As you shrieked, "The bull! The
    bull!"

And then we clung together
  And faced the enemy,
Which proved to be a wether
  And scared much worse than we.
But while that startled mutton
  Went scampering away,
The mushrooms—every button—
  Had tumbled in the bay.

The basket had a cover,
  The wind was blowing stiff,
And rolled that basket over
  The edges of the cliff.
It bounced from crag to bowlder;
  It leaped and whirled in air,
But while you clutched my shoulder
  I did not greatly care.

I tried to look as rueful
  As though each mushroom there
Had been a priceless truffle,
  But yet I did not care.
And ever since that Sunday
  On the cliffs of Grandma Nan,
High over the surf of Fundy,
  I've used the kind they can.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

[CONTRIBUTED BY DEMPSTER.]

THE legislature passed a law,
Arkan'sas should be Ar'kansaw.
'Tis well; and if I had my way,
Io'wa should be I'oway.
To men who deal in real estate
The difference may not seem so great
'Twixt ante—and penultimate—
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee;
But they who deal in poesie
Are fain to make their boatman row
Euphonious "down the O'hio."
The name R. Kansas doth provoke
A cacographic A. Ward joke.
Io'we a, too! The sound begets
Abortive puns on bonded debts.
Io'wa's not a state of grace:
I wouldn't live in such a place.
But, though they're rather far away,
I think I'd like to go and stay
In Ar'kansaw or I'oway.

THE SPRINGALD AND THE CAUDA GALLI.

[CONTRIBUTED BY PUNDERSON.]

OOK here, look here, bold bar-keepere,
Come mingle a cup for me;
And mingle it quick, and mingle it thick,
And thou's' earn a broad penny."

"O give it a name, thou fair springald;
Shall it be of the foaming bock,
Or the whisky skin, or the John Collins,
Or the tail of the gallant cock?"

"A cock-tail of the gin, the gin,
Ymeint both strong and sweet,
With a curly chip of lemon skin
For such a guest were meet.

"My eyes are as holes in a blanket
burnt,
And my head as the head of three,
I have the jammer yclept of cat,
For I've been on a sheol of a spree.

"A wet night maketh a dry morning,
Quoth Hendyng, 'rede ye right;
And the cure most fair is the self-same
hair
Of the dog that gave the bite.'

"So whether it be of fingers three,
Or else of fingers two,
I want it strong and I want it long,
And I want it p. d. q."

Then up and spake a little foot page
That stood by the barroom door,
Said "here is a wight would speak
with thee
A minute, but and no more."

Said "O he beareth a broad letter,
He hath ridden both fierce and far,
May'st hear the tramp of his red roan
steeds
In the Madison Avenue car."

He hath taken a quill of the gray goose
wing
And dipped it in the ink,
And written upon a fair paper
"I have spit within this drink."

He hath laid the paper upon the cup,
And the cup upon the bar,
And stepped outside to speak with the
wight,
Had ridden both fierce and far.

He hath broken the seal of the broad
letter
And written a fair answere,
He hath given a fee of the white
money
To that district messengere.

He hath hied him back to the bar
again,
And taken his cock-tail up;
He hath cast one look at the fair paper
That lay on the top of the cup.

"God save thee, gentle springald,
From the fiends that plague thy
soul!

Hast got 'em again, or wherefore then
Doth thine eye so wildly roll?

"God save thee, gentle springald,
From the fiends that haunt thee thus!
Why dost thou tear thy yellow hair?
And eke why dost thou cuss?"

"O barkeepere, some felon here
Hath wrought foul shame and sin.
Give back, give back my broad penny
Or mix me another gin;
For a second line stands under mine—
'Eke I have spit therein.'"

AMOURS PASSAGERS.

[The papers read at the club were generally of a humorous rather than sentimental intention, but Dempster sometimes wrote of his long vacation experiences

"As though in Cupid's college he had spent
Sweet days, a lovely graduate, still unshent,
And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment."

Doubts were expressed as to whether these passionate utterances were warranted by the facts, but the following verses of Dempster's are submitted without comment.]

IGHT loves and soon forgotten hates,
Heat-lightnings of the brooding summer sky—
Ye too bred of the summer's heat,
Ye too, like summer, fleet—
Ye have gone by.

Walks in the woods and whispers
over gates,
Gay rivalries of tennis and croquet—
Gone with the summer sweet,
Gone with the swallow fleet
Southward away !

Breath of the rose, laughter of maids
Kissed into silence by the setting
moon ;
Wind of the morn that wakes and
blows,
And hastening night that goes
Too soon—too soon !
Meetings and partings, tokens, sere-
nades,
Tears—idle tears—and coy denials
vain ;
Flower of the summer's rose,
Say, will your leaves unclose
Ever again ?

IMPRESSIONS OF A SUB-FRESHMAN.

[CONTRIBUTED BY HIGGINSON.]

MEN of imaginative minds have often given great weight to the thoughts and fancies of childhood. Goethe insisted that the puppet play described in "Wilhelm Meister" had a real importance in the history of his development. Wordsworth thought so seriously of a child's early impressions of the world that in his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" he seems to have adopted, almost in earnest, the Platonic doctrine of Reminiscence. And indeed

those first pictures which the universe paints on the sensitive retina do have the air of belonging to some past stage of existence. They lie in the memory at an infinite remove, like the miniature objects seen through the wrong end of the telescope —small, distinct, and with a prismatic play of color about their edges, as though the dew were still on them and the light of dawn. The mind soon learns to expect no novelties. New combinations there may be, but the elements are old. But in childhood, before the alphabet of experience has been learned, there are new letters to be spelled—sensations elementally new, such as one might have in mature life if a fresh sense were added. "Turn the

eyes upside down," says Emerson, "by looking at the landscape through your legs, and how agreeable is the picture, though you have seen it any time these twenty years!" We can play our imaginations this pleasant trick no longer; but, as children, what a novel world we secured by simply rolling back the eyeballs, as we lay on our backs, till the room stood topsy-turvy! A smooth white floor was spread for the feet of fancy to run upon without let from wall to wall. The well-known furniture hung head downward,—tables, chairs, piano, even the fire in the grate,—like a group of domestic stalactites. The doors had thresholds two feet high. All was so old, yet so delightfully strange!

A loss befalls us when our scale of distances begins to change. It is like an illusion of the special sense which happens to one sitting drowsily by a window, who sees suddenly a long way off a large bird flying swiftly along the horizon, but, on shifting his position, sees only an insect crawling on the pane close to his eye. Thus, the little lawn where I used to play was an ampler field for imagination to explore than the widest landscape nowadays. Seen from the study-window of a moonlight November night, it had an unfamiliar, almost an unearthly, look. Mysterious shadows haunted its borders, and in the middle plot, where the hoar-frost spread a dim white drugget

under the moon, I could uncertainly make out the fairies' ring circling about in the wind. How different from that "sunny spot of greenery" on a May morning, when the lilacs at the house corner were in bloom and the syringa bushes at the gate were full of bees! Then it was like a slope in Arcadia, with gray-green tufts here and there among the grass, crowned with the blossom of a self-sown daffodil. The bright patch-work quilt lay on the ground for the baby to play on, and the nurse sat on the terrace steps with her sewing, while we wove the dandelion chain.

The far corner of the lawn was foreign country, and there was an excitement in visiting

it. It was there that the water stood longest after a rain, and the turf was fine and mossy. It was strewn with winged maple-seeds and the chocolate-brown pods of the honey locust. These products and the trees which shed them had something exotic about them when compared with the more domestic flora on the near side of the lawn. We felt at home with the snowberry bushes under the study window, whose fruit was our ammunition, and the row of vergalieus whose little yellow pears we found in September scattered about in the long grass under the terrace-bank, their skins speckled like trout and broken into deep cracks. The rough bark of the pear trees also afforded coignes

of vantage for the locusts that sang in the summer noons and left their cast shells, sometimes as many as a dozen on a single trunk, of which we hoarded collections in paper boxes. The lawn was pleasantest at five o'clock of a summer afternoon. Then long shadows fell across the grass, and we heard the distant voices of the children just let out of school, and knew that presently the tea-bell would ring and we should go inside to bread-and-butter and strawberries.

The far corner under the maples gained an added mystery from its being the scene of my initiation into the game of "secrets." A little girl among our playfellows came to me one day, and,

whispering solemnly, "Never, never tell!" led me to a spot marked by a flat stone. This being raised disclosed a hollow nest in the ground lined with moss, in which were set, in a kind of pattern, colored beads, gilt buttons, bits of tin-foil and sparkling glass, and other glistening "nubbins." It was as though the lid were lifted from Golconda and the wonders of the subterranean world revealed.

"Hush!" she said, replacing the stone: "it's our secret. Nobody knows it but me and you and Ella Burkett. It's *our* secret—us three."

No amount of stock in railway or mining corporation could give me now half the sense of importance that I felt

when admitted to a share in that partnership. I wonder whether this game was peculiar to us, or whether other children still play at "secrets"?

The same little Alice who let me into this first secret lived in a house in our neighborhood, where I sometimes went to play, and which was to me as a castle of romance by reason of one architectural feature in which it differed from the abodes of prose. Common dwellings had only two staircases, one in the front hall and one in the back entry for the servants' use. But in that enchanted mansion was a third flight, ascending from a side-entry to the upper story of a wing. At the turning, halfway up, was a stair broad

enough to make a little room of itself, and over it a window of yellow glass which shed a strange fairy twilight through the hall. The wing was little used, and we were left to play alone all day on the broad stair, where we spread our toys and spelled out our picture-books. Outside the window a large willow shook in the wind, and the shadow of its branches wavered in the solemn illumination that lay upon the floor, Such tricks as memory plays us! In many an old cathedral the dance of colors from the great oriel, making patterns on the pavement of the nave, has brought suddenly before me little Alice's face, and the dolls and wooden elephant and leaden soldiers, and the picture

of "slovenly Peter," all transfigured in that mystic glory.

But, alas for young love,—for even thus early may love begin,—my sweet playmate was something of a sloven. Her Shaker bonnet was always dangling from the back of her neck. Her brown hair was in a snarl. Her stockings — which were none of the whitest—were usually down about her ankles. Her knuckles and even her dear little knees were often grimy. My nurse, a particular woman, once said in my hearing that Alice was a dirty girl. I had never noticed this myself, but I was now moved to a high moral disgust,—being at the time aged six,—and when Alice next came to play with me I said, "Alice Powers, you are a

dirty girl. Go home! I won't play with you." Poor Alice looked at me with big eyes, and then, bursting into tears and flinging down an apron-full of horse-chestnuts which she had brought me for a present, went slowly out of the yard. As I watched her sobbing shoulders disappear down the walk, my heart misgave me. I felt that Alice was nice, but public sentiment had pronounced her dirty. Conscience, too, gave a twinge as I picked up the horse-chestnuts—her *douceur*. They were new from the tree, shining and darkly grained, like polished mahogany, each with an eye of floury white. A few days after, my little playfellow was taken with the croup and died. I took the horse-chestnuts up

into the garret and, in a dark corner behind the chimney, cried over them all a rainy afternoon in an agony of remorse—experiencing, even at that tender age the worst of all mental sufferings, the memory of ingratitude toward one who has loved us and has gone forever beyond the reach of our atonement.

When the child grows old enough to read, its imagination has a wider reach, but becomes less original. It reproduces its favorite books in its sports. From say nine to eleven the minds of all the boys in our neighborhood were under the tyranny of "The Scalp-hunters" and "The Last of the Mohicans," and our chief out-of-door pastime was to play

Indian. Assuming the names of *Chingachgook*, *Hawkeye*, *Uncas*, *Seguin*, *St. Vrain*, etc., we ranged the vicinage in war parties, emitting whoops, darting our wooden lances into the quivering bodies of the evergreens, and laying ambushes behind hedges. Our belts bristled with bunches of grass, the scalps of imaginary Mingoes and Navajoes, mingled together in cheerful defiance of ethnology — although the lodge of a big sagamore in the Algonkin tongues, who could have taught us better, lay right in our war path. Sometimes we were treed by peccaries in the big apple tree. In the deep and parlous canyon behind the gooseberry bushes we were attacked by

twenty-five grizzlies. We scoured on fleet mustangs over the broad prairies grazed by Deacon Barlow's cow, slaying buffaloes and Comanches. We held the abandoned hen house for a whole summer day—though sorely wounded—against a besieging party of Apaches, who shot burning arrows into the walls and tried every other stratagem which hellish cunning or the resources of Captain Mayne Reid's imagination could invent. This play was never popular with the girls, who were forced to be squaws and prepare our venison in the wigwam—the area of the cellar door—while we were off on hunting or war parties. Often, on returning at evening, laden with spoils, we found

that the squaws had betaken themselves to other games, and we had to recall them to their domestic duties.

Indoors, a favorite plaything was the spool-basket, and the favorite game that we played with it was a kind of original jack-straws. The basket being inverted, about half a bushel of brick-shaped blocks and spools of all sizes and colors tumbled gently into a heap. From this mountain, resembling the lava-pits of the Modocs, and representing chaos or the dawn of history, the tribes of men were slowly to extricate themselves. The white spools were the Caucasian race, the red spools the Indians, the yellow, the Mongols, and the black, the Africans. Such of these as rolled

out upon the floor at the overturning of the basket, or could be extricated from the heap without displacing the blocks, gathered into bands and fought each other, or sailed away on block rafts over the tranquil surface of the play-room carpet to green isles under the table, and edges of new-risen continents along the lounge, where they founded colonies. Gradually those who lay deeper in the mountain, overwhelmed in a sort of Dantesque hell, emerged through openings between the bowlders, and formed the obstructions about them into ramparts. Finally the whole mass was reduced into ordered lines of fortification, the scattered bands united into allied nations, and the whole

ended in a *Volksschlacht*, where the long cylinders of carpet-thread spools served as cannon, and the air was darkened by shot and shell composed of the little paper sewing-silk spools.

In days somewhat younger than those, a main resource was the kitchen, whose unrestrained life contrasted gayly with the stiff proprieties of the parlor. Our kitchen had a stone step at the threshold of the dining-room door, where a cricket sometimes sang, that dwelt in a neighboring cranny. Here I would sit after supper, between the servants' table and the wooden bench under which were ranged my uncle's shoes—twenty shoes precisely alike, which he wore in succession, beginning at one end of the row and making a

complete revolution in ten days. Over the bench hung his shoehorn on a nail, and over this was a shelf with a lantern and footstove. Beyond was the cellar door, which, when opened of a dark night, gave admission to abysses of mystery into which the imagination plunged with a pleasing shudder. Here I would sit, I say, and listen to the gabble of the girls as they slowly stirred their tea, absorbing it with loud gulps and masticating their buttered toast with a crunching and chonking sound most fascinating to the ear. The conversation was usually discontinuous, and abounded in rather abrupt reflections, such as—"'Tis three years, come Tuesday week, since I left the old

country. Dear, dear! Where'll I be this day twelvemonth?"

To this there would be no reply, but the other would say presently, gazing at the tea-grounds in the bottom of her empty cup, "What's my fortune?"

"I see an old man sitting in a chair."

"No, but 'tis not, then; 'tis a big house on a hill that ye see."

"Sure I've a purse in mine." Etc., etc.

Often I besought them for tales of Ireland, which I conceived of from their report as a wondrous green land of faëry. On Pancake Thursday, when they baked a ring in a cake and the kitchen was full of gossips who came to the cutting, these

stories most abounded. There seemed to be a definite repertory of them, known by name to the natives—for they would be called for under their titles, like favorite songs at a glee—as, "Have ye 'The White Lady of Blackrock Castle'?" or, "Have e'er o' yez 'The Yellow Wathers'?"

I can remember nothing of them beyond the vague outlines of one, in which a girl who is sitting in a tree at twilight hears her lover, underneath, plotting with another man to take her life, and afterward, in a company where her lover is present, says that she has a riddle to tell: "I dreamed a dream that the fox was digging a grave for me under the tree in the woods. And I

dreamed that the fox fell into the hole that he was digging." The conclusion of the history has gone from me.

I remember once being taken into the fields to hunt for shamrock by one of my nurses, a fresh-faced young thing, just over, whom we called Fat Janey. It was on some saint's day, or some Irish anniversary, and there was some sentimental or superstitious rite that she wanted to perform with the mystic trefoil. I have forgotten the exact nature of it—perhaps putting it under her pillow to dream upon, as is done with the wedding cake. At all events, I remember that she had to content herself with our common clover; and I recall her voice distinctly as she went

searching through the fields—

The long gray fields at night,

for it was toward evening—crooning one of those wild, monotonous, tuneless chants that the maids sing while hanging out their clothes. Some of the girls knew a few scraps of Gaelic, and would teach me to repeat them. I have forgotten all but two sentences, which sounded like "Conny sthon thu," and "Tan da maw," (The spelling is strictly phonetic, and I haven't the least notion what the words mean.) I now suspect that they occasionally took advantage of my innocence—for they would make me say over phrases which they declared meant, "How do ye do?" or, "Give

me a kiss," and would laugh immoderately when I repeated them, and cry, "Listen to the child!"

A cook that we once had, named Nora, possessed great dramatic talent. She was a large, handsome woman, from the south of Ireland, with a mass of blue-black hair. She would let this down over her shoulders, and, standing in the middle of the kitchen, carving knife in hand, roll her fine dark eyes and recite the following dialogue, taking both parts alternately:

She.

Would ye not have a wife both fair and young,
Could speak the French and the I-talian tongue?

He.

No. One language is enough for any woman to speak;

And before I'd be governed by such a
wife,
I'd take the sword and end me life.
[*Stabs himself with carving knife, and fall supine on kitchen floor.*]
She.—
[*Rising nimbly from floor, and standing over his imaginary body.*]
Alas! alas! Thin I fear 'tis true—
So I'll take the sword and end me life
too.
[*Stabs herself, and falls in like manner.*]

She pronounced the *w* in "sword" distinctly.

The servants' cousins or followers were an unfailing spring of fresh interest. From the dining room I could hear a low rumble of talk in the kitchen, announcing the arrival of some John or Patrick. On going out there, I always found him sitting uncomfortably straight on one particular chair, under which his hat was deposited, and

dressed in black clothes, which also suggested discomfort and unwontedness. It was matter of speculation with me why the young and pretty girls had hardly any followers, while those who were uncommonly old or ugly were wooed most assiduously. Perhaps the old ones had property. One lean and tushy hag, named Catherine, who lived with us several years, was very confidential with me about her suitors. She was torn between two. The first was an absurdly young fellow, with a fresh, pleasant face. He was at least ten years her junior, and courted her perseveringly, but without much encouragement. She spoke of him as "the lad," and evidently inclined toward his rival, a

steady man, with a red beard, who weighed mentally about a ton. She told me that this latter one was rich, but that he had no religion. "He is like a baste of the field," she said. Nothing but this lack of spirituality seemed to make her hesitate between him and the other. Another cook that we had, held her head very high because she might have married, had she chosen, "a widow-man in the old country, with a jaunting-car."

The natural inclination of children toward fetichism, or the reading of a soul into inanimate things, is a matter of common note. The letters of the alphabet all have an expression for them like persons' faces. E is a belligerent, con-

ceited, positive character; F is sly, sneaking, with a smirk on his thin face; and so on. David Copperfield identified a certain washstand with Mrs. Gummidge. Hans Andersen, who retained the child's habit of mind all through life, personifies in his story-books tops, balls, and other playthings, precisely as children do. It is the same with articles of furniture: to an imaginative child every room has an expression of its own, and the things in it are not dead, but have a kind of life and humanity. There will be little unnoticed nooks and corners of the house that have a peculiar significance to him—some recess that he likes to sit in, some unused shelf or cubby. Oddities of architecture attract

him—such as a space left here and there, a corner cut off, a step up or down from room to room, a roof that slopes to the floor, a closet of irregular shape. Ledges are formed by projections or moldings, on which he will range pennies or candies in a row and leave them there till he forgets them, and comes upon them another day with all the excitement of a fresh discovery.

One of the best touches in "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" is where East describes to Tom Brown the pleasures of the Rugby institution known as "singing." After supper, in the summer twilight, the big boys sit about the tables in the little fives-court under the library, and sing and drink

beer; while the little boys "cut about the quadrangle between the songs, *and it looks like a lot of robbers in a cave.*" The man who wrote that knew the heart of a boy. Is there perchance in this part of the world any man who cannot recall the bliss that filled him at, say, the age of ten, when the evenings began to grow long and warm, so that he could play outdoors after tea? What an unfamiliar charm the deserted school-yard took on in the soft gloaming, where we lingered at "Every man in his Own Den," until the boy who ventured out into the center of the field, crying the ancient formula:

> "Here's a lead,
> For Solomon's seed,"

could hardly be seen for the dusk! And then to be let sit out on the front steps till ten o'clock with the "grown-ups," and listen to their talk—perhaps even participate in their lemonade—while the fire-flies twinkled in the high grass by the currant bushes! And to wake afterward in the night and hear the fountain splashing monotonously in the asylum grounds, and the hurdy-gurdy of the lunatic negro who came every night at moonrise to play by those waters of Babylon! Oh, summer nights!

THE END.

Twenty-fourth Edition. (*Buckram Series.*) 75c.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

"A glorious story, which cannot be too warmly recommended to all who love a tale that stirs the blood. Perhaps not the least among its many good qualities is the fact that its chivalry is of the nineteenth, not of the sixteenth century; that it is a tale of brave men and true, and of a fair woman of to-day. The Englishman who saves the king . . . is as interesting a knight as was Bayard. . . The story holds the reader's attention from first to last."—*Critic.*

Sixth Edition. 12mo. *Scarlet Cloth.* $1.50.

THE HONORABLE PETER STIRLING

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

"Mr. Ford is discreet and natural . . . a very good novel."—*Nation.*

"One of the strongest and most vital characters that have appeared in our fiction."—*Dial.*

"Commands our very sincere respect . . . there is no glaring improbability about his story . . . the highly dramatic crisis of the story. . . The tone and manner of the book are noble. . . A timely, manly, thoroughbred, and eminently suggestive book."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"A fine, tender love story."—*Literary World.*

"The book is sure to excite attention and win popularity."—*Boston Advertiser.*

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York.

BUCKRAM SERIES. 75c. each

A MAN AND HIS WOMANKIND.
A novel. By NORA VYNNÉ.

SIR QUIXOTE OF THE MOORS.
A Scotch Romance. By JOHN BUCHAN.

LADY BONNIE'S EXPERIMENT.
A quaint pastoral. By TIGHE HOPKINS.

KAFIR STORIES.
Tales of adventure. By WM. CHAS. SCULLY.

THE MASTER-KNOT
And "Another Story." By CONOVER DUFF.

THE TIME MACHINE.
The Story of an Invention. By H. G. WELLS.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA. (*24th Ed.*)
By ANTHONY HOPE. A stirring romance.

THE INDISCRETION OF THE DUCHESS.
By ANTHONY HOPE. (*9th Edition.*)

TENEMENT TALES OF NEW YORK.
By J. W. SULLIVAN.

SLUM STORIES OF LONDON.
(*Neighbors of Ours.*) By H. W. NEVINSON.

THE WAYS OF YALE. (*5th Edition.*)
Sketches, mainly humorous. By H. A. BEERS.

A SUBURBAN PASTORAL. (*5th Edition.*)
American stories. By HENRY A. BEERS.

JACK O'DOON. (*2d Edition.*)
An American novel. By MARIA BEALE.

QUAKER IDYLS. (*5th Edition.*)
By MRS. S. M. H. GARDNER.

A MAN OF MARK. (*7th Edition.*)
A South American tale. By ANTHONY HOPE.

SPORT ROYAL. (*3d Edition.*)
And Other Stories. By ANTHONY HOPE.

THE DOLLY DIALOGUES. (*7th Edition.*)
By ANTHONY HOPE.

A CHANGE OF AIR. (*9th Edition.*)
By ANTHONY HOPE. With portrait.

JOHN INGERFIELD. (*5th Edition.*)
A love tragedy. By JEROME K. JEROME.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK.

In the Buckram Series. 18mo. Gilt top. With frontispieces. 75 cents each.

SIR QUIXOTE OF THE MOORS. By JOHN BUCHAN.

"Full of humor and vitality and deserves to be successful . . . there is an individual quality in his work, and a certain bewitchment which belongs to the higher forms of imagination . . . the heroine becomes a living memory long after the book is closed . . . the power of reserve is evident on every page."—*The Bookman.*

"A capital story. . . I like better the episode (Sir Quixote) by the unknown author, John Buchan, though there is a hint of Anthony Hope's fine devil-may-care adventurousness in 'The Chronicles of Count Antonio,' . . . fine descriptions of the Scotland of the early part of the eighteenth century."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"Very pleasing. . . Many strange adventures."—*New York Times.*

A MAN AND HIS WOMANKIND. By NORA VYNNÉ.

"True and genuinely interesting, the book is written very pleasantly, and is full of shrewd and faithful observation."—*Athenæum.*

LADY BONNIE'S EXPERIMENT. By TIGHE HOPKINS.

"Has more than a flavor of Anthony Hope, without being in the least a *réchauffé.*"—*Boston Transcript.*

"The author may not have taken a leaf from Mr. Anthony Hope's book, but he is at least a kindred spirit . . . a world of brilliant, irresponsible, epigrammatic leisure."—*W. D. Howells in Harper's Weekly.*

"His genius is of no common order."—*Boston Herald.*

HENRY HOLT & CO.,

29 W. 23d Street, - NEW YORK.

M111458 LD6332
B4

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY